

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2312

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London
October 17, 1945



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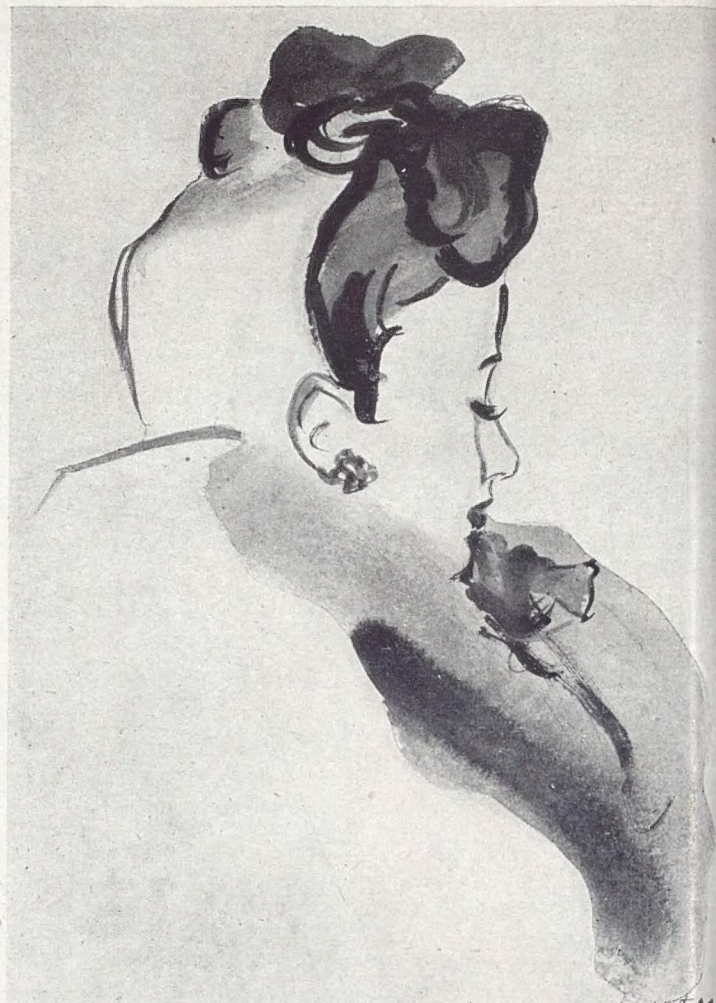
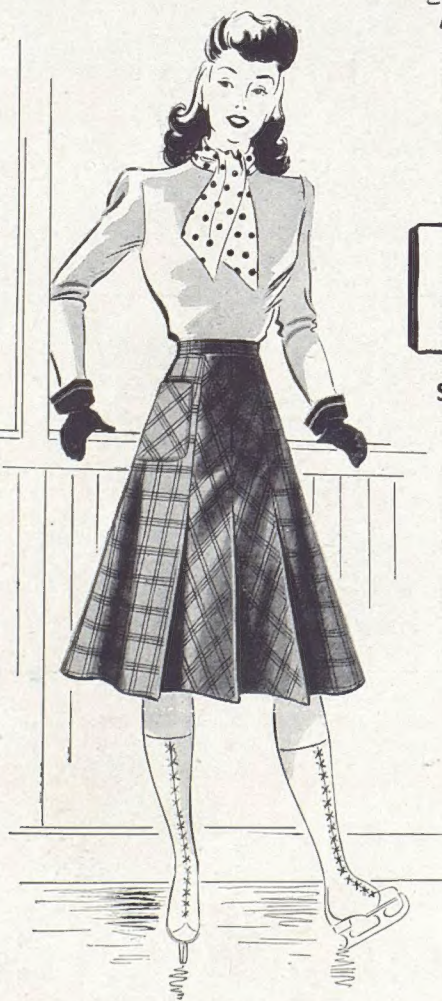
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THE TATLER

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OCTOBER 17, 1945

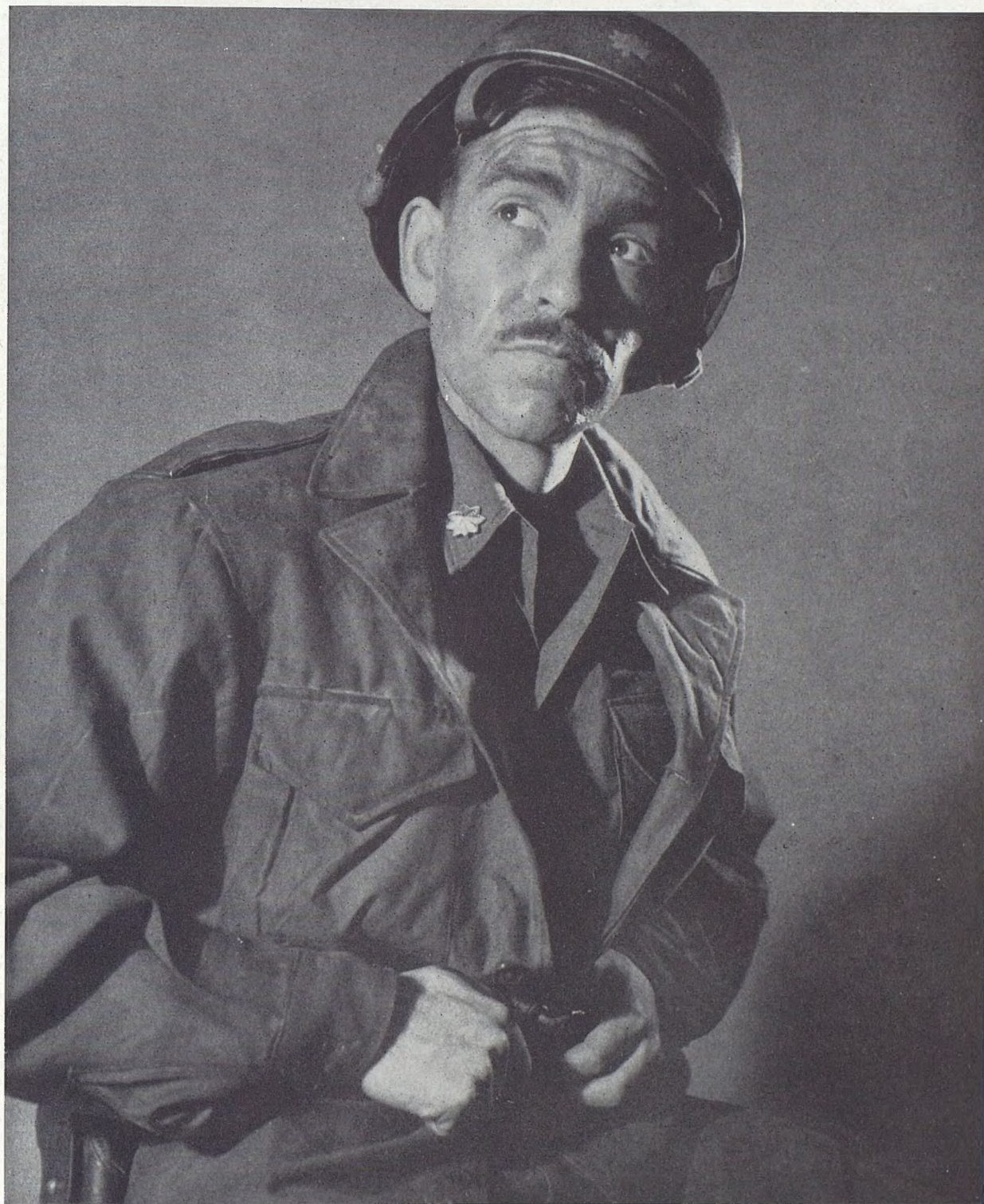
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Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2312



Baron

Major Joppolo

Robert Beatty, Young Canadian Actor,
Impersonates a Famous American Soldier

John Hersey, upon whose novel, *A Bell for Adano*, the play at the Phoenix Theatre is based, found his source of inspiration in the real-life story of a U.S. Army Major who found his understanding treatment of Italian villagers sadly misinterpreted by his superior officers. Robert Beatty plays the part with convincing sincerity and thereby achieves the greatest success of his stage career so far. Born in Hamilton, Ontario, Beatty came to England in 1937 and spent a year at the R.A.D.A. His first part was a small one understudying Raymond Massey in *Idiot's Delight*. Two years at the B.B.C. followed and then a return to the stage in *Life Line* and in *Petrified Forest*. He appeared as the Yank in the film *San Demetrio*, giving a magnificent performance. In April this year he married Dorothy Steele, an old associate of Broadcasting House days



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Black Market in Ferrets

ONE of my favourite illusions about myself is that I am an infinitely competent traveller. I belong, of course, to a motor car generation that before the war rarely used trains and regarded them with some suspicion. At Oxford we had, it is true, the Railway Club that organized complicated and luxurious excursions now and then; to this day one of its leading members, my friend John Sutro, carries a mental Bradshaw tucked into one corner of his charming and fantastic brain. But in the main, we were untrained in the technique of railway travel; the triumph, therefore, of performing a complicated train journey without error was all the greater.

Last Friday, however, I met my railway Waterloo in every sense. From Waterloo Station I set forth, complacent in a corner seat, for Somerset, to stay with the witty, talented Mrs. Violet Trefusis. At Templecombe, near the end of my journey, I heard a voice from the platform vaguely intoning something about Sidmouth Junction, of which I had never heard before. A few minutes later we roared at speed through Yeovil, where I had hoped to get out. I had been put into the wrong part of the train.

Nor when I heard the softly intoning voice was there much hope of fighting one's way through a crowded corridor to the window in search of information. In consequence I was carried on nearly forty miles and put out at Sidmouth Junction, which is the sort of place where "The Ghost Train" might well appear.

Deserted platforms, the level crossing gates lighting up in the headlamps of an occasional car, and for all the rest a prim little white inn, opposite. Ten miles round, there seemed to be no further life.

At the inn I had to wait nearly two hours for a slow "local" to carry me back. It might have been worse. There might have been snow, a shrieking gale, instead of tender autumnal stars and the smell of lazy smoke. Apparently my mishap was not uncommon. I might have had forty-eight hours

leave ruined by it, as had already happened to three warriors that week. There might have been no gin in the inn. . . .

I sat there, the soft almost incomprehensible Devonshire talk curling furrily around my head. Somebody put innumerable pictorial conundrums to me—almost all concerned with the first lines of famous hymns, and I was totally lost. Then conversation shifted to the price of ferrets. On the local black market it had risen, it seemed, some

house, her friends, to savour again even the remaining fragments of French civilization.

It was a strange panorama she built for me. Shops elegantly bursting, but you can't buy, for lack of money. Plenty of wine, but only to be had if you bring your bottle with you. A truculent, deliberate affectation of bad cooking, just because the material to be had is far below the consideration of any self-respecting chef. None of your pathetic attempts, such as we've all made here, to present a tolerable omelette from "reconstituted" eggs, or an eatable salad without olive oil. A cold bath is a luxury, a hot one a legend.

Yet, withal, Frenchwomen have, it seems, rare looked prettier. The plump little partridge of debutante from the Faubourg, who would arouse such ungallant nervousness and boredom in my young and dancing breast, has given way to a slim, pretty creature, etherealized by bicycling and semi-starvation; a "Première" of a new scent by Balenciaga, who like all great Paris dressmakers



Soldier Painter and Governor-General of Canada

Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander is seen at his Windsor Forest home with Lady Alexander to whom he is showing the picture which he painted last month beside Lake Como; also painting the same scene beside him was Mr. Churchill. Sir Harold was Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean theatre until he was appointed Governor-General of Canada

600 per cent. Talk of ferrets with a deplorable upbringing, that lay up in a hole and eat their quarry.

Childhood memories came back in a flood. A wind sweeping the Berkshire Downs, a canvas bag with brass air-holes, and the small paws scratching petulantly inside. My ferrets always chose particularly foul weather to lie up. You dug and dug, the rain seeping wickedly down your neck, night coming on and a shocking walk home in prospect. Then you came upon the disgusting hecatomb, guilt and a sort of complacent malice in the pretty white body, now horribly streaked with gore. I loved my ferrets but without admiration for their principles.

The Elegant Austerities of Paris

WITH many imprecations against the inefficiency of the Southern Railway I reached the hearth of my charming hostess four hours later than I need have done, to find a delicious partridge for my supper which, she said, she had only with difficulty kept cold for me. It was strange, the transition from a world of ferrets, the posters on the railway advertising wedding rings or make-up foundation for military policewomen, to Mrs. Trefusis's descriptions of the Paris from which she had just returned.

She has lived most of her life in France and beside Julian Green, is, I think, the only Anglo-Saxon writer of note who works for preference and with complete mastery in French. Escaping in 1940, she went back to Paris last July, to see her

has inevitably entered the perfume market; vitality, wit, an intellectual energy which makes France, after all her misfortunes, yet one of the most stimulating countries in the world to inhabit—so much so, that Mrs. Trefusis is returning to Paris this winter, to brave coal shortages, food shortages, transport shortages far worse than any we know, but in a world so civilized, a scent can be produced "in a limited edition" (a tirage limité)

Elizabeth and Mary Stuart

MRS. TREFUSIS has written a play in French about Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. After prolonged research she has reached the conclusion, which secretly I had long nursed, that Mary Stuart was a muddle-headed bore who richly deserved her tragic end. Mrs. Trefusis, after examining a wonderful set of costumes once worn by Mary Stuart and the principal figures of her entourage, is persuaded the Queen of Scots was a great flagpole of a girl, while Rizzio was a dwarf. He can have been nothing but her buffoon, or at best her "homme d'affaires."

But Elizabeth! Ah! That's quite another kettle of fish. There was the great, and perhaps even the loose, coquette, in Mrs. Trefusis's opinion. This startling, and I must say very credible view she broadcast to France a day or so ago. What a curious, stimulating, fiendish, yet entrancing sphinx of a Queen was Elizabeth. And her age, with its heartbreaking battle of faiths and



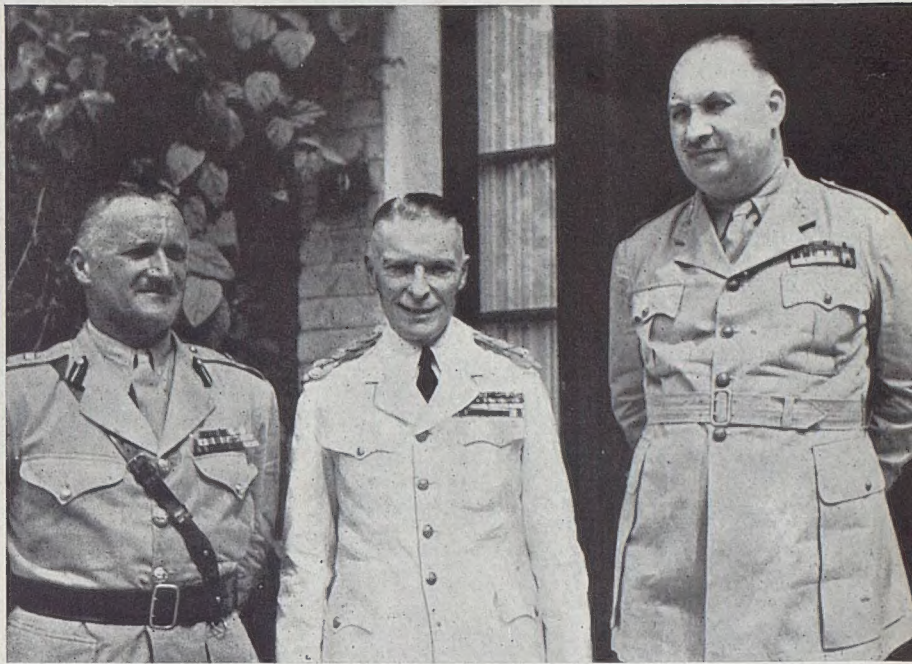
The Speaker of the House of Commons

The Right Hon. D. Clifton Brown, who is the Speaker of the House of Commons, flew to Berlin recently to inspect the bomb-shattered capital, and is seen just after his arrival at B.A.F.O. headquarters in Germany. He was accompanied by Sir Ralph Verney and Mr. H. A. St. J. Saunders



Red Cross Workers in West Africa

Mrs. Burrows, wife of Lieutenant-General Burrows, G.O.C.-in-C. West Africa, and Miss Dorothy Meynell, have been visiting various parts of West Africa on behalf of the Red Cross. Miss Meynell is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Meynell and Lady Dorothy Meynell.



Generals in the Belgian Congo

Lieutenant-General Brocas Burrows, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C.-in-C. West Africa, recently visited Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo. He was photographed during his visit with Lieutenant-General Ermens, the Vice-Governor-General of the Belgian Congo (centre) and Major-General Gilliaert, C.-in-C. Force Publique.

consciences, was strangely like ours, strangely unlike the eighteenth century, when men fought for territories, not ideologies.

Yet tortured, thrown into opposition by persecution and conviction, how much better did the English Catholics of Elizabeth's day carry themselves than do the political "recusants" of our time. Compare William Joyce or John Amery with the young Robert Markham, whose farewell letter to his father, written before flying abroad to escape anti-Catholic persecution, I came across a few days ago. Here is an extract:—

"Robert Markham to his father upon his departure beyond the seas for conscience sake. Gravesend. August 27, 1592.

"I assure you, by all the duty I owe unto you, that I will never serve in France or in Flanders

against her Majesty: neither whatsoever beggary betide me, will I ever serve the King of Spain, nor any of his agents, so long as he remaineth enemy to England: neither be guilty to any conspiracy against her Majesty's person, but reveal it, if ever any such matter chance to come to my hearing. I am and will be as good a subject to her Majesty for allegiance as any is in England. But such is my present state at this time that every hour presenteth a hell unto me. . . ."

Laval and Darnand

NEVERTHELESS, no lover of France can help deplore the Laval and Darnand trials. Treason is one of the crimes which I personally hold in superstitious horror. However bitterly one may

rail against government, conniving with one's country's enemies is obviously a sin far outside the bounds of mere reason. Yet the manner of Darnand's and Laval's being judged, almost arouses one's sympathy for these monsters—particularly for Darnand who impressed all the onlookers as a brave, sincere, if wrong-headed man. And, of course, Laval won the reluctant admiration, and, still more important, the reluctant laughter of France, by the fool he made of an inept, timorous judge and a doddering Public Prosecutor. It is most unfortunate that the present French Government should have been compelled to take on these decrepit nominees of Vichy. But France is short of good lawyers. What a shame we cannot export a few, to help preserve our accustomed standard of life!



The Youngest Churchill Goes to School

Little Winston Churchill, grandson of Mr. Winston Churchill and son of Major Randolph and the Hon. Mrs. Churchill, went to school for the first time this month and seems to be quite pleased with his new life.



Mr. Churchill Returns from his Holiday

Looking extremely fit and cheerful Mr. Churchill arrived at Hendon aerodrome early this month after his continental holiday. He had flown from Nice and was met by Mrs. Churchill and an army officer. Mr. Churchill, who was wearing the uniform of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, travelled incognito under the name of Colonel Warden, and all his luggage bore that name.

Myself at the Pictures

Nothing Much

By James Agate

FROM a naval officer in the Mediterranean: As a general principle, all English films are bad. But at a troops cinema in Italy recently I saw a picture which made all previous British efforts seem like tentative approaches, half-hearted essays, at badness. Who conceived it, who begat it, I don't know. I only know that for ghoulish coyness, relentless artificiality and preposterous sentimentalism, this picture achieved a certain grandeur. It was the quintessence of everything that has ever been said about the English people by hack writers of tobacco advertisements, by true-confession story writers, by comic strip artists.

This is the school of thought which stipulates that all English girls behave like mentally-arrested white mice who have not yet learned the facts of life. This film would have one believe that their style of dressing is a five-year-old fashion photograph; that they are unaware, unawakened, and un-made-up; that they are everything a man doesn't want in a woman. And the English male . . . Well, I am one myself so I should know. Our upper lips are so stiff that they are practically paralysed. Our conversation is limited to manly platitudes. We talk about keeping a straight bat and playing the game. We take a cold tub every day. We have a Code, but never talk about it.

This, of course, is applicable only to the wealthier sections of the English community. The remainder—a mere trifle of 49,000,000 or so—all talk a debased lingo called Cockney and spend most of their time touching their hats.

THERE is a good deal more, but this fragment of a very long letter is enough to prove that this officer doesn't like British films. I have a sneaking sympathy with him. I put British films in the same category with British claret and British cigars. They are an acquired taste and some day, perhaps, I shall acquire it. (I am trying hard at all three.) At the same time I think that the gallant officer goes a little too far. Not counting *Henry V*, which is in a class by itself, and Documentaries at which we can beat the world, I can think of at least six good British films during the past twelve months that I would have sat through even if I had not been paid to do so. I agree that six films out of a possible hundred and fifty is not a high enough average; but it's something. Does my naval friend want to know the reason why British films are inferior to American? It is because this country just doesn't grow Bogarts and Boyers and Davises and Colberts. I have a sneaking suspicion that America doesn't either; that there is something about Hollywood—the air perhaps—which attracts them. And attracts some of our best English players too.

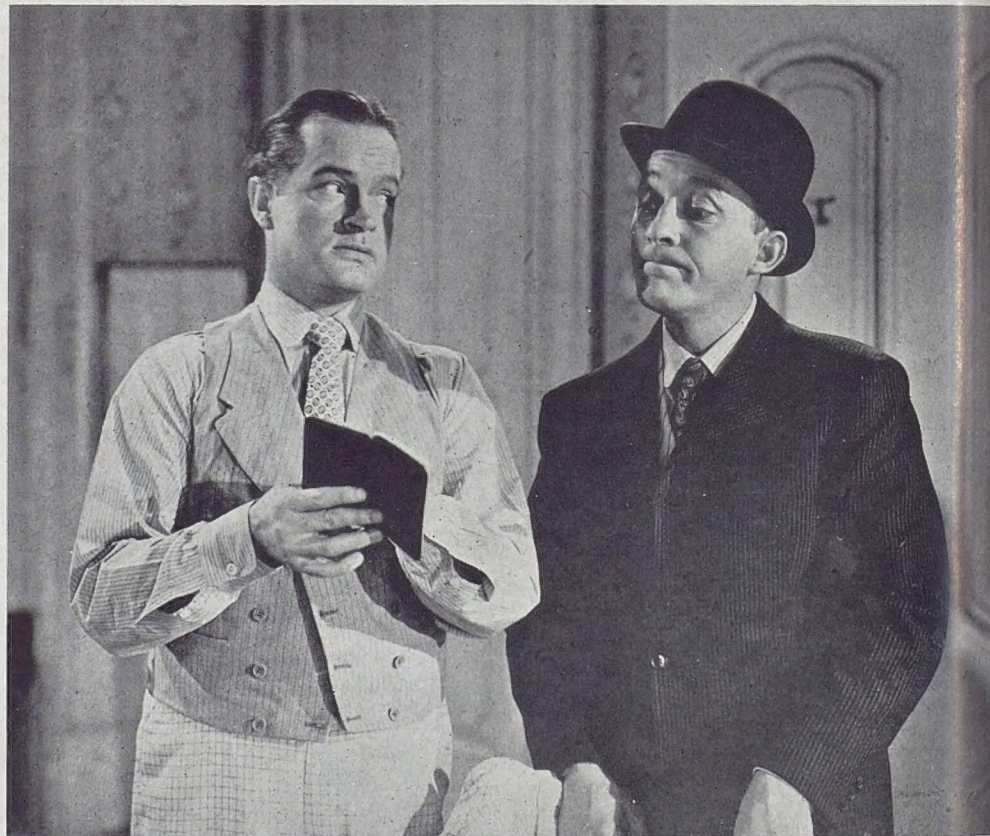
BUT not all Hollywood films are good. *Divorce* (Tivoli), for example, struck me as a dull business, sad in the pastry sense. The setting was that odd American stratum in which the women wear evening dress from five o'clock onwards while the men continue in the loungiest of lounge suits. Women so smeared with lipstick that they can hardly open their mouths, and nails so heavily belacquered that they can hardly lift their hands. The dialogue of both women and men continues on the old dead level of: "Sure, you deserve a break," "What's on your mind?" and all the rest of the monosyllabic junk which shows New York's—or is it Chicago's—smart set to have a vocabulary considerably less than an English agricultural labourer in the time of Chaucer. The plot? What was plain Martha Phillips to do when "sophisticated" Dianne Carter—meaning she

was a trollop—having divorced four husbands, tried to vamp Bob Phillips, her childhood sweetheart? Frankly, I didn't care. I didn't care when Synopsis told me that Martha divorced Bob and became an assistant in a department store, that Bob's eldest son sold papers on the streets to help support the family, and that Bob and the hussy got caught in a police raid on a gambling house. And I decided not to stay for the moment when Dianne, as tedious as she was exasperating, heard Bob tell his children that he was wrong to desert them, and hearing this, took herself off.

WHY, if Hollywood must tell an old story, doesn't it take an old version in which that

horrific, or simply speaking; at moments of farcical crisis fearful comprehensions come up and spread on it like tropical dawns, swift but yet nicely graduated; in a piece of strategic dialogue you will see at the same time the eager forensic expression worked out on it from speech to speech, and also the little cunning soul chuckling to itself, or trembling for its next little throw, each expression keeping its own high relief and distinctness from the others. And M. Galipaux, when he might have seemed to have run himself out, has always "something in hand to finish with," as the sporting reports say. Before the reappearance of Mme Bonivard in the second act Henri's face might have been thought to have exhausted all the conceivable diversity of tormented gargoyles; but at the sight of that campaigner it instantly sprang up to a whole new upper register of grotesque grimace, and his body with it. The actor had seemed remarkably resourceful before, but it was only then that one knew what it is when he calls out the whole Landwehr and Landsturm of his grotesque inventiveness.

And here am I reduced to saying of Mr. Bruce Cabot that he has about as much comedy as would cope with a man being tried on for a fancy waistcoat.



The Road to Utopia reunites that inimitable trio of comedy and romance, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, while their latest adventures take them to the ice-cold Klondike. The story is about Chester Hooton and Duke Johnson (Bob Hope and Bing Crosby) who are doing a song and dance act on the Barbary Coast until they get mixed up with a gang of desperadoes out to steal an Alaska gold mine belonging to Sal (Dorothy Lamour). Everybody chases everybody else and there are many adventures in the land of gold rushes until the film reaches a hilarious climax

story has been told wittily and amusingly, and refurbish that? Once a good actress, always a good actress, and if it had not been for Kay Francis as the vamp I should not have stayed to look at the rubbish for ten minutes. The wife? She didn't and couldn't matter. The husband? Why choose an actor as dull as Bruce Cabot? Why not an actor as comical as was Galipaux in *Les Surprises du Divorce*, whom and which I saw over thirty years ago? Why, if one had the pen of a Montague, should not one be able to write of a Hollywood film player the sort of thing that was written of the great little French comedian?

M. Galipaux has a face absolutely plastic, and this clay he incessantly models into an inexhaustible range of expressions—grotesque,

ON the other hand, the revival at the Astoria cinema of the old film *All This And Heaven Too* shows Hollywood at its best. And this is because Boyer and Davis are superb artists. But I'm going to ask the manager of what is very nearly my favourite cinema whether he would not like to draw his curtains at a quarter past nine and thus permit me to get to my favourite Café before half past nine, at which hour that august brasserie inexorably closes its doors. Alternatively, I shall have to ask the manager of the Café to grant me a special pass on the occasions when the Astoria has a good film. One decided the other evening that one couldn't sup next morning, but that one could return to see Boyer strangle his duchess and commit suicide. Which one did!



J. J. Jones (Dennis Morgan) is in hospital after being torpedoed, and Nurse Mary Lee (Joyce Compton), who is in love with him, reads him some of the mouth-watering recipes by Elizabeth Lane



Liz knows nothing about domesticity and gets all her information from her friends, John Sloan (Reginald Gardiner), who has a farm in Connecticut, and Felix Bassenak (S. Z. Sakall) who owns a small café in New York



Elizabeth Lane (Barbara Stanwyck), who is famous for her "Housekeeper's Diary" in "Smart Housekeeping," is in a spot when she hears from her editor (Robert Shayne) that she is to entertain a sailor for Christmas

"Indiscretion"

A Good Housekeeping Hoax

● **"Indiscretion"** revolves round a slick journalist, Elizabeth Lane, played by Barbara Stanwyck, who has written a series of very successful housekeeping articles. She herself knows nothing of domesticity, but gets all the information from two friends. However, when her publisher tells her to have a sailor for Christmas as a publicity stunt he gives her no chance for explanation, and with the help of her friends Liz has to produce a home and family in a few hours. She manages to do this, but it is only the beginning of the complications



Jefferson Jones arrives at the farm in Connecticut with Liz's publisher boss, Yardley (Sydney Greenstreet), where John Sloan has provided everything, even a borrowed baby, to complete the pseudo family atmosphere. John and Liz are supposed to be getting married but she falls for Jeff



Felix Bassenak and Nora, John's housekeeper (Una O'Connor), find they don't see eye to eye over cooking. It is Felix who finally helps to clear up the complications arising from Liz's duplicity, and has to pacify the furious Yardley

The Theatre

"The Rivals" (Criterion)

THE Criterion Theatre, which served during the war as a B.B.C. studio, has been released, and it is pleasant to enjoy once more the sensation of sitting inside a dainty chocolate box. Much less pleasant to wonder uneasily if the opening production will send many away under the impression (never perhaps to be obliterated) that *The Rivals* is a poor play. Sheridan's first comedy did not seem a poor play in 1925 when Nigel Playfair revived it at Hammersmith, and in humbler circumstances since it has successfully brought audiences to the bubbling-point of its own effervescent gaiety. But those who see it on this occasion for the first time since schooldays may be excused for jumping to the conclusion that they were perfectly right to take a languid view of it when they studied its dialogue as part of "Eng. Lit."

MR. OLIVER MESSEL's settings have, I see, failed to find favour in some quarters for their lack of trimness, but at least they have style, and that is what the production as a whole has not. They say what they have to say with an elaboration, which whether permissible as a reaction from the clean colours of the Lovat-Fraser *décor* or not, is always consistent with itself. The acting is a hotch-

potch of styles. Miss Edith Evans is Mrs. Malaprop, that progeny of learning, and she plays that lady's humours with a deliciously obvious secret pleasure in each fresh conquest over uncommon talk. Her pride in her power to reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying is no less natural than her view of etymological orthodoxy is gloriously unnatural; and she is, of course, great fun. But the fun lies within comparatively narrow limits. Miss Evans's make-up at her first appearance, that of a grotesquely over-dressed doll, rather suggests that the producer had felt that Mrs. Malaprop was one of those characters who can carry a comedy on their own fantastic shoulders. But the foolish lady is only an amusing part of the comedy, nothing more, and Miss Evans very properly sees to it that the part is not allowed "to get out of all reasonable compass, Sir John."

MRS. MALAPROP can only be truly effective where the comedy is sufficiently well sustained to make her interventions brilliantly amusing flourishes, and the chief motive power of the comedy proper is the bulldozing determination of Sir Anthony Absolute to force on his young rip of a son the bride he has already taken great trouble to woo. The old man is

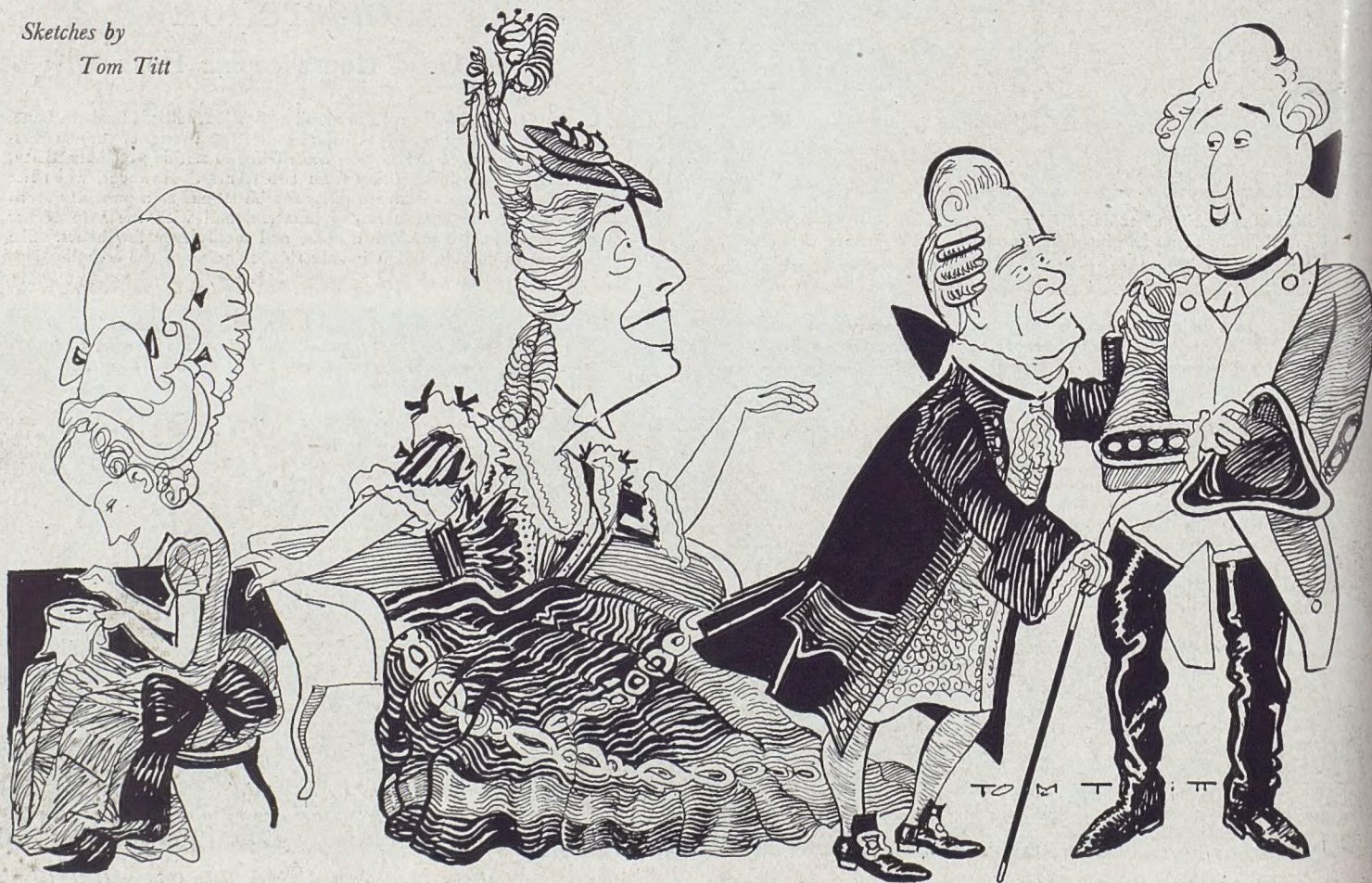
the stage descendant of a long line of roaring and frenetic curmudgeons, and in his roarings and his frenzies a good part of the fun resides. That admirable actor, Mr. Morland Graham, is never more than peppery. Mr. Anthony Quayle, instead of discovering the good-humoured and dashing gallant in Captain Absolute, is heavy handed throughout. Miss Audrey Fildes is quite legitimately mannered and she shows a pleasant restraint in exposing the disastrous consequences of Lydia Languish's reading. Mr. Reginald Beckwith, on the other hand, clowns the part of Bob Acres, which is to make it tedious. It is to overlook the little fellow's good-humoured dignity and replace this quality with humours more appropriate to pantomime. Acres, after all, can reason up to a point and he has a pathetic simulacrum of belief in all the nonsense about honour which it pleases the Irish humour of Sir Lucius O'Trigger to impose upon him. Sir Lucius himself, though played by an Irishman, Mr. Brefni O'Rourke, is made out to be a somewhat dour joker and entirely justifies Sheridan's quite unnecessary rebuttal of the charge that he had intended any national reflection in the character.

THE singularity of *The Rivals* is that Faulkland, the only unsuccessful character, is the only one with human reality enough to make us wonder what happened to him afterwards. Only one actor, to my knowledge, has ever been able to do anything with him, and that was Mr. Claude Rains, who succeeded in making the best of both worlds—the tragic and the comic. Mr. Peter Cushing may be said to drift from one world to the other, making the best of neither, but amid so many differing and unco-ordinated styles his failure is less noticeable than were those of his predecessors.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

Sketches by

Tom Titt



The Rivals. Capricious heroine of whims and fancies, Lydia Languish (Audrey Fildes), her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop (Edith Evans), a lady of loquacious eagerness, Sir Anthony Absolute (Morland Graham), and his son, Captain Jack (Anthony Quayle), a fire-eating father and a fine-feathered son

● Many distinguished people came to see the Premiere of the R.A.F. film production unit picture *Journey Together*, which is the first film of its kind to be made by any Service, and is produced and acted by members of all ranks of the R.A.F. The story has been written by Terence Rattigan, the well-known playwright, and the two leading parts are played by Richard Attenborough and Jack Watling, who both made names for themselves in the theatre and films in the early days of the war, and who are all in the R.A.F.

Sergt. Richard Attenborough and the well-known American actor Edward G. Robinson in a dramatic scene from "Journey Together"

Premiere of the R.A.F. Film Production Unit Picture "Journey Together"



Richard Attenborough, who is one of the stars in the film, and a sergeant in the R.A.F., brought his attractive actress-wife, Sheila Sim. They are talking to Mr. Simon



Jack Watling, who is the other new young star of "Journey Together," was being congratulated on his performance by Air Marshal Sir Philip Babington



Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, the Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, brought his wife, Lady Nye, who is the daughter of Gen. Sir Harry Knox



Lord Willoughby de Broke was welcoming many friends in the foyer, and is seen with Lord Winster, the Minister of Civil Aviation



Lord Stanagate, the Secretary of State for Air, formerly Vice-President of the Allied Control Mission for Italy, was chatting to Lady Stanagate and a friend



Greek Admiral's Daughter Engaged

Miss Domini Papalexopoulou, eldest daughter of Admiral Papalexopoulou, and niece of Lady Crosfield, of Witanhurst, 41, Highgate West Hill, London, N.6, is to marry Capt. N. Sarris, Royal Hellenic Navy. Lady Crosfield is a former International lawn-tennis player



A Recent Wedding

Lieut. Norman Wilkins Trembath, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Trembath, of Frinton-on-Sea, married Miss Anne Corry, elder daughter of Sir James Corry, of Hartfield, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, and of Mrs. J. F. Cochrane

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Reunions

HIS MAJESTY'S open-air days in Scotland seem to have been of great benefit to him, judging by his vigorously healthy appearance: and he is hoping, now that the tremendous pressure of war affairs has eased up a little, to be able to find more time for daily outdoor exercise than has been possible during the past six years. In the three days that the King spent in London, there was a great deal of coming and going by various members of the Royal Family, mostly in connection with the return, after his long absence, of the Duke of Windsor, who, after flying from France in an aircraft of the R.A.F. Transport Command, has been staying with his mother, Queen Mary, at Marlborough House. Queen Mary, who has also had the Princess Royal and her son, Viscount Lascelles, staying with her, motored across to Buckingham Palace to lunch with the King on the day the Duke arrived, returning to her home in time to welcome her eldest son. His Majesty dined with his mother and brother that night, and next day the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, who had not seen the King since their return from Canada a week or two ago, went to the Palace to lunch.

After all this, the King left town again for a few quiet "bachelor" days shooting at Sandringham House, now beginning to resume its normal appearance and ways after five years as a non-Royal residence in the war. Preliminary game reports from Norfolk show the pheasant prospects are better than was at one time thought.

Autumn Wedding

LOVELY autumn flowers and foliage brought up from Hever Castle, Kent, the country home of Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor, decorated St. Martin-in-the-Fields for the marriage of their eldest son, Gavin, to Lady Irene Haig, youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig and the late Countess Haig. The bride, who looked radiant, wore a lovely classical gown of white and silver brocade, with a diamond tiara holding her very voluminous tulle veil in place. She was given away by her brother, Earl Haig, who, like the bridegroom, wore khaki, and was followed by two little bridesmaids—her niece, Henrietta Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and the bridegroom's niece, Fiona Myddelton—both of whom wore long dresses of cream spotted net, with wreaths and bouquets of mixed white flowers. There were three small pages, the Earl of Shelburne and Hugh Myddelton, nephews of the bridegroom, and James Howard-Johnston, nephew of the bride, who seemed far more intent on playing at soldiers than on his duties as a page! The little boys wore replicas of the very picturesque eighteenth-century uniform of the Life Guards, the bridegroom's regiment.

There was a big team of ushers to shepherd the many guests to their seats, including the Marquess of Lansdowne, half-brother of the bridegroom; Viscount Errington and Capt. "Jaky" Astor (who are, of course, his cousins), Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith, Major Gerard Leigh and Major Tommy Egerton. Mr. John Astor was best man to his brother.

The Guests

COL. ASTOR arrived at the church early and greeted many of the guests as they came into the church. Lady Violet came later, accompanied by her young granddaughter, Lady Caroline Fitzmaurice, who was in a bright-red coat. Lady Violet's daughter, Mrs. Ririd Myddelton, looked very attractive wearing a little blue-feathered hat with her black coat, and was accompanied by her husband, Col. Ririd Myddelton, and their elder son, David, who is in his first term at Eton and had been given leave to come up for the wedding. Viscount and Viscountess Astor arrived together and were shown to their seats by their

youngest son, "Jaky." The bride's two sisters, Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston and Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott, were together, the latter wearing a very striking hat trimmed with ribbon. Louisa Countess of Antrim, Lady Cromer, Lady Violet Vernon, the Countess of Minto and Lady Errington (who brought her pretty little daughter, Lana) were among others I saw in the church.

The Reception

AT the reception in their lovely house in Carlton House Terrace, Col. and Lady Violet Astor received the guests with the bride's elder sister, Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, and Earl Haig. The bride and bridegroom stood alone, as all their small attendants were soon tucking in to a lovely tea upstairs. The big reception-rooms were crowded, and among those there were the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro with Lady Elizabeth Clyde; Lady Anne Hunloke, in a red coat, came with Lady Jean Rankin; the Countess of Dudley, who was chatting to Mrs. Robin Wilson; Lady Killearn, wife of our Ambassador in Cairo, who is over here for a few more weeks and was meeting many friends; Brigadier and Lady Dorothea Head; Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Laycock, the latter looking very pretty in a plain black dress and no hat; the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck; Lady Rose McLaren and Lady Vaughan. Lord Bruntisfield had a long talk to Mme. Massigli, the charming wife of the French Ambassador, who has made so many friends in London. Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt were moving through the crowded rooms together. Lord Roderick, who is also in the Life Guards, was wounded when the bridegroom was taken prisoner.

Among others at the reception were Mrs. Michael Astor, Mrs. "Jaky" Astor, Lady Katherine Bigham, Lady Jane Nelson and her sister, Lady Mary-Rose Fitzroy, Mrs. David Reid, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies, Lady Juliet Duff, Mrs. Idina Mills, the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Warre, the Rev. and Mrs. Foster, Lady Eldon, in Red Cross uniform; the Countess of Hopetoun, Mrs. "Jimmy" Bowes-Lyon, Lady Weymouth and her half-sister, the Hon. Mrs. Bridgewater, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Lord and Lady Iliffe, and Lady Tichborne, looking pretty in black with a spray of gardenias pinned on her coat.

The Presents

THERE were some lovely wedding presents on view, which included a silver cigarette-box from the Duchess of Kent, some lovely table silver from the bridegroom's mother, and a pair of old English silver entrée dishes and magnificent condiments from his father. The staffs of Hever Castle and Carlton House Terrace gave a silver tea service, and there were a pair of old English silver dishes from the staff of *The Times* and *The Times* Book Club. The bridegroom's present from the bride was a fitted dressing-case. There was some lovely jewellery for the bride from Col. and Lady Violet Astor, and a two-row pearl necklace from her husband. The other presents included many attractive pieces of glass and china, a set of three leather suitcases, and many really useful gifts. Lord and Lady Airlie sent a lovely pair of old china dishes, and Lady Zia Wernher a most attractive mirror-glass table.

Portrait of the Princess

AT the very delightful exhibition of Portraits and Child Studies painted by Dulcie Lamb-Brick, held at the Brook Street Art Gallery early this month, a new and charming portrait of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth took pride of place. It is a most attractive picture, and an excellent likeness. The artist was delighted at receiving

(Continued on page 88)



Capt. Gavin Astor Marries Lady Irene Haig

The wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields of Capt. Gavin Astor, the Life Guards, eldest son of Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor, and Lady Irene Haig, youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig and the late Countess Haig

● Lady Irene Haig was married recently at St. Martin-in-the-Fields to Capt. Gavin Astor. The bride was given away by her brother, Capt. Earl Haig, who is in the Royal Scots Greys, and was attended by three small pages: James Howard-Johnston, and the Earl of Shelburne and Hugh Myddelton, who are nephews of the bridegroom. There were two child bridesmaids, Henrietta Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Fiona Myddelton. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. John Astor, R.A.F., was best man



Right: James Howard-Johnston was one of the pages at the wedding and wore the picturesque eighteenth-century Life Guards uniform. He is a nephew of the bride



H.R.H. the Princess Royal at London Wedding

The Princess Royal came to the wedding of Viscount Morpeth and the Hon. Ela Beaumont, which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. As children, the bride and Princess Elizabeth played together in the garden of 144, Piccadilly. H.R.H. is seen leaving the church after the ceremony



The Earl and Countess of Carlisle's Only Son Married

Viscount Morpeth, only son of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, was married recently to the Hon. Ela Beaumont, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her brother, the Hon. George Beaumont, and by three bridesmaids—Victoria Seely, Tarn Jackson and Antonia Edmonstone. The best man was Capt. R. A. Carnegie, Scots Guards

"BIG



A young Yorkshire lass stopped the show on its first night at the Saville. It was Triss Henderson, one of the Henderson Twins, daughter of comedian Dick. Triss has for a long time played a Sister Act on the Halls with her twin, now married and in America. They appeared together with Sid Field in *Strike a New Note*. *Big Boy* gives Triss her first chance on her own, and her burlesque with Richard Hearne of the dance "Where do you go when you dream?" is as brilliantly funny in its nonchalant affectation as anything in London at this time. The story, which is secondary to the stars, revolves

The Eternal Triangle—With a Difference: Triss Henderson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne

Triss Henderson—One of the
High Spot in Her First



Under the Influence: Fred Emney, Richard Hearne



Girl Gets Boy: Triss Henderson, Fred Emney

BOY"

round the adventures of one Sir Frederick Bolsover (Fred Emney), wealthy draper, and his trusted servant and friend, Pastry (Richard Hearne). Together they indulge in all sorts of wild schemes in their endeavours to restore the squandered fortunes of the ancient firm of Bolsover. Success and failure follow in rapid succession, each phase important only in the opportunities it affords to those two great masters of laughter, Fred Emney and Richard Hearne. *Big Boy* is presented by Bernard Delfont, with book by Douglas Furber, Fred Emney and Max Kester. The music is by Carroll Gibbons

Anderson Twins—Hits the
lon Star-Role



Rehearsal Incident : Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Triss Henderson
Photographs by Alexander Bender



Burlesque At Its Best : Triss Henderson, Richard Hearne



Ballet at the Maison Nicolette : Carol Raye

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT R.A.F. pilot who recently hit a stone wall in Wiltshire and was rocketted, unhurt, over the border into Somerset should write a book about it (and probably will. Everybody nowadays writes books about everything. Stick a pin into a fifteen-year-old female hockey-player, a chap in the racket tells us, and a month later she'll produce a fearless 700-page psychological novel analysing her remotest sensations and called *Peradventure Hath They*).

To be flung from Wiltshire into Somerset, where the aborigines are much the same, is not so psychologically stimulating as to be flung from, say, Sussex into Kent. Anybody who has ever lived on the bloodfeud-ridden border by the Kent Ditch knows the chief anguish and repression of the Kentish men. It is generally the first thing on which the *cacique* or head man of the nearest Kentish village examines a suspect. A chap we know who was seized after crossing from Sussex made an impassioned appeal for his life to the assembled natives beginning "Men of Kent! By our glorious common heritage," etc., etc. The *cacique* glowered and replied with a snarl, through the interpreter: "What are your views, Sussex pig, on caudal phenomena?" He was referring to the short curly tails worn by all Kentish men, a shameful distinction conferred on them after murdering St. Thomas Becket, as all the world knows. Pretending these tails are non-existent is the first obligation taught to every Kentish infant in the cradle,

apart from the proper way to load a wife, which is utterly different from the proper way to load a baggage-camel, though they don't realise this in Dorset.

Palaver

VISIBLY awed by a conference in which about a dozen high brasshats took part, a gossip seemed to be unaware of the most dazzling conference in history, which took place during World War I at the Savoy Hotel, Cairo.

On this historic occasion at least sixty glittering British generals were present, having nothing better to do (Lawrence of Arabia counted them with a grin from behind a screen). This could happen only in the gorgeous East, and maybe it's only half the story, since there is no mention of attendant odalisques, Nubians, eunuchs, dwarfs, janissaries, musicians, torturers, and dancing-girls. Whether the sixty generals really enjoyed their magnificent conference, as City men do theirs, is another matter. In that exquisite satirical Broadway comedy *Beggar on Horseback* (which flopped in London, and no wonder) there was a dream-scene of a covey of fat business men issuing from a board-room, rubbing their hands. One of them says at length: "Boys, that was certainly a swell conference! *Let's have another!*" and they all cheer and troop back again. This shows a real love of conferences, which even the enthusiastic film boys can't beat.

Afterthought

As you are probably aware, any good City or film conference is sacred and nobody on earth can get past the icy tailored blonde in the antechamber at anybody till it is quite over. We often wonder



"You split the atom—now have a go at the meat ration"

nevertheless whether this method of conference-breaking might not succeed, properly done:

"I want to see Sir Nero Thugworthy."
 "Sir Nero is in conference."
 "Then Mr. Earwhacker?"
 "Mr. Earwhacker is in conference."
 "Mr. Feedlebaum?"
 "Mr. Feedlebaum is in conference."
 "Mr. Yoopies, then."
 "Mr. Yoopies is in conference."

(Here the frigid eyelids begin to droop, and an exquisitely-manicured hand begins tapping with a pencil.)
 "Well, what about Mr. Gifting?"
 "Mr. Gifting is in conference."
 "I see. I wonder if you could take an important message?"
 "For which director?"
 "The whole darned lot."
 (Really! These people! The frigid eyebrows go up again.)
 "Yes?"

"Just say Oopsy-Poopsy is waiting."

Result, stampede, unless we err damnably. And of course you'd have to employ a witch of the first quality.

Trip

A CHAP holding forth on the wonderful treats the Atlantic liner companies have in store for us—jam to-morrow, as ever—reminded us of Dickens's remarks in *American Notes* on his first crossing to New York just over a hundred years ago.

He had been greatly impressed by the pretty pictures in the London office. But when he and Mrs. Dickens got aboard the *Britannia* mail steam-packet (1200 tons) at Liverpool they found their elegant state-room to be a "preposterous box" with two tiny berths, and the Grand Dining Saloon, which the liner company's artist had portrayed as a scene of Oriental splendour, to be a cross



"Your 'Croquettes d'Agneau à la Duchesse' aren't a patch on our mess-cook's rissoles"



"I was raw at the game. I'll admit it was hardly cricket"

between a hearse and a barrack-room, warmed by one melancholy stove, with one long table down its dreary length. The voyage itself was pure horror. They ran into a stiff gale halfway across and the paddle-box casings were torn off, so that the wheels churned round naked henceforth and turned the decks into a Niagara. Poor Slogger Dickens and his wife suffered agonies of sickness, like most of the other passengers and half the crew. All the stewards fell downstairs and the ship's baker and the drunken cook were too ill to function. By the time they made Halifax after 15 days Mr. and Mrs. Dickens nearly leaped ashore before the gangways were out.

Footnote

MRS. DICKENS'S impressions of this trip would have been even more agonising, maybe. That neurotic and moody boy was hell to live with at the best of times. A fortnight of him on the angry Atlantic would satisfy any masochist, we guess. We crossed once with a temperamental chap crossed in love and at times, even the *Aquitania* was too small to hold both of us. Till you get to sea you never realise how little fifty miles of deck and saloons the size of the Palladium can signify when you have a victim of Eros alongside you long to lose. You ask why he didn't get plastered daily and forget it? He did, and didn't.

Sportsman

HOLBEIN'S portrait of Mrs. Pemberton, one of our favourite pictures, being temporarily on view at the Victoria and Albert, we found ourselves sympathetically wondering once more what the reactions of Mr. Pemberton

were, whether he was artistic, whether he liked Holbein or thought him a dirty Bohemian, and so forth. Art-critics never go into these deeply fascinating matters.

Holbein's usual method was to make chalk or charcoal drawings on the spot and work on the oil-portrait at leisure. Hence Mrs. Pemberton's actual sittings were few and brief. But it was a jealous, passionate age, and cuckoldry was rife, and maybe Mr. Pemberton popped in and hung around quite a lot, making conversation.

"Morning, Holbein."

"Hullo there, Pemberton."

(Long pause, during which Mr. Pemberton drifts round, glancing at Holbein's sketches and thinking of something tactful to say.)

"I suppose you artist chaps get around quite a bit?"

"Uh-huh."

(Pause.)

"I hear one of you fellows in Italy got a knife in his gizzard the other day."

"Oh, yes?"

"Making love to some chap's wife he was painting or something. Damned funny."

"Ha, ha."

"Ha, ha."

Our view of Pemberton, derived from his wife's expression, is that he was not a bad sort. Many husbands of the period would rush in suddenly and cry to Mrs. Pemberton: "Frampold gibcat, mewling mommet, curs'd cuckoldy quean, spawn of Erebus!" and stab her and Holbein right away. Pemberton was, we feel, a more restful type. When men at the club winked and said: "I hear that chap Holbein is painting your wife," Pemberton did not scoop out and eat their hearts, an old Renaissance custom. A nice equable type, Pemberton; the stand-by of the portrait racket, then as now.

Risk

DID it occur to you, as you read about that recent strike of some 11,000 Manhattan lift-operators, that liftmen, especially in America, run the same kind of risk as 18th-century London hackney-coachmen?

It is a wellknown fact that Bedlam was full of hackney-coachmen; the constant racket and shaking and violence and collisions affecting the pineal gland, or so Bedlam specialists averred. As for 20th-century liftmen, our old chum Donald Ogden Stewart was the first to interest himself in their trials. His study of a New York skyscraper liftman who, after going up and down soberly every day for years, suddenly found George Washington stepping into his lift is a masterpiece of quiet, sympathetic analysis of a troubled spirit. Washington himself was pretty quiet and decent about it. Except for replying, when asked which floor he wanted, "Just take a run round the Park," the Father of his Country might have been any ordinary business executive, apart from his wig, ruffles, and velvet. He certainly did not accuse the operator, as more neurotic lift-users in the building did, of being a candidate for what is called in Northumbria the Dizzy-Hoose.

Footnote

LONDON liftmen, though they travel less, probably have equally interesting experiences. They rarely boast of them, however. We knew one of them for five years before he mentioned casually with a wink and a nudge one day, halfway between the fourth and fifth floors, that Grace Darling, who frequently rode with him at slack times, was sitting in a little boat in the corner of the lift, waving at him and pretending to row in the North Sea. As it was obviously not Grace but Wendy ("Little Mother") Darling, sitting in her little tree-top hut and waving him "thimbles," or kisses, we thought it high time this chap took a holiday.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm rather deaf—did you say you were 'doing nothing' or there was 'nothing doing'?"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

This Year of Grace

DO.A.H. And so we start a new year! Yes, I know the date is October 1st and that January is still far off, but when it does arrive it will differ so little from December. October, on the other hand, is as different from September as July is from June. June finds us sweltering in town, July sees us *en route* for sea or mountain. September 30th the railway stations are crowded with belatedly returning holiday-makers, while on the morning of October 1st the children go back to school,

to find an English-French-French-English dictionary than it is to discover a virtuous maiden on the Boulevard de la Madeleine outside Rainbow Corner. I am not, *bien entendu*, thinking of those in uniform. We are also fighting to get in a load of coal, or at least a few logs of wood, and going over the winter blankets to see which can be sacrificed to make a winter coat. If all this does not mean the start of a new year, what does?

A MELANCHOLY, chilled-looking *sergent de ville* on duty outside the square, white-stone house on the Boulevard Suchet is the outward and visible sign of the Duke and his Duchess's return to Paris. The news reels have not been very kind to them. It must have been a grey day and the close-ups were too close. The midinettes are weeping to see how thin and lined their *prince charmant* has become and how unfashionably (but royally) long the Duchess's skirts are. No tears are wasted on the lady, however, since they wisely say: "It is easier to take up a hem than wipe out a wrinkle." They are wondering, these infants, how *Leurs Altesse*s will solve the food question. Coupons, Red Cross parcels, Black Market, or will the Duchess join the string-bag brigade? Although she has told the reporters that she fears she will not be able to afford the *grands couturiers'* prices, I somehow don't see her lining up in the queues for the weekly meat ration . . . that has NOT materialised for the last three weeks! Bother! I had vowed I would not mention food in this letter, and I've been and gorn an' done it again. Oh, well, maybe it interests you as much as it does me, so I may as well say that I had a bit of luck in the eating line this week.

HAVING to go to Rouen on business of my own, I had to take the train, my ambulance not being, as you can imagine, for private use. Since my destination was some distance from

the station, I was obliged to hoof it. No complaints. Walking in a strange town is always an adventure. The food shops were positively spectacular compared with Paris, and on the return journey I visited several, discovering, to my joy, that coupons were not needed. That the "pork" sausages were made of beef did not worry me (garlic covers a multitude of sins, and I have lived in this country long enough to acquire a certain taste for what is known as *le camphre du pauvre*), and one could buy pretzels by the dozen. All the same, I was rather nervous about the reception I might be accorded in a crowded railway carriage. I need not have worried. All the passengers carried parcels of food, and judging by the smell we might have been returning from Marseilles instead of Rouen. The culinary specialities of Rouen, by the way, are stuffed pig's "trotters" and barley sugar . . . but these belong to the dreams of long ago.

IT is just as well that the German torturers who organised the British prison camp for civilians at St. Denis have not—I presume—read the verses *Les plaintes de St. Denis*, by Coleridge Kennard, who was confined in the infirmary there for several months, and, above all, that they do not know that Harold Nicholson wrote: "Anything that can tempt Sir Coleridge into print has fulfilled its function." These verses that have been privately printed in Paris have run into several editions. They are not precisely *pour jeunes filles* or even *pour l'y-grec-emme-cé-ah*. Another volume of poems is in preparation, and these you will perhaps be able to get in London, unless "old England's nurse" has become even stickier than she used to was!

THE Kennards have one of those body-and-soul-satisfying houses on the sunny side of the Ile de la Cité, overlooking the bronze flood of the Seine, that make one pale with envy, though one is glad to think they have such a divine place in which to recuperate. Sir Coleridge Kennard has always been slim, but now he is the slimit of slimness. He doesn't sit down, he folds up like a foot-rule. When he crosses his knees one is terrified lest he tie himself in a knot; one would be so afraid of breaking him if one had to untie him. When door and window are open one trembles lest the draught whirl him up over the tree-tops and deposit him, like an autumn leaf in his russet clothes, on the swift waters of the river.

PRISCILLA

Lily Pons in Paris

The famous French singer Lily Pons, who has been a favourite of the New York Broadway public for many years, came to Paris recently to sing in French opera. She has frequently made return visits to her beloved city, and her words on arrival were: "I do love my Paris"

father returns to his office, and mother . . . well, for mothers the years are without beginning or end.

JANUARY 1ST, in France, is merely the morning after the night before, especially if the night before has been a *Réveillon*, and in England it marks, for the dyspeptic, the relief afforded by a few days' normal diet after a Christmas orgy. (I hope I am right in assuming that, by fair means or foul—especially fowl—you have managed to celebrate Christmas in fitting culinary manner during the past five years.) October 1st also means new outfits for the children. Mothers miraculously achieve these, even if it means cutting down Dad's last Best Suit and making over her own Sunday-go-to-meeting gown.

THE great snag in Paris, this year, is the finding of the school books that are needed for the new classes. You may innocently think that last year's can be handed down; but you reckon without the fact that the kids have gone all Black Market, same-like their elders. School books sell for their weight in paper . . . money, and parents are, of course, the last to find this out. Whether in a book store or at the second-hand stalls on the quays, it is harder



A Heroine of the "Résistance"

Mlle. Gisele D'Andiran is seen in her boat and with her A.S.A. ambulance, which she drove during the Occupation, until she was arrested by the Gestapo for having sheltered an American girl who was wanted by the Germans. She did great work for the "Résistance," and spent four months in prison with a broken knee which the Germans refused to allow her to go and have treated at the infirmary





Act II: Edwardian Katie and Dickie Wessex



Act III: Modern Kay and Dick Wessex

Team-Work—in Real Life and on the Stage

Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Husband and Wife
in Real Life, Enact Three Generations of Lovers



Act I: Victorian Katherine and the Hon. Richard Wessex

● Evelyn Laye and husband Frank Lawton see the fulfilment of one of their dearest ambitions in appearing together in Henry Sherek's production of *Three Waltzes*. Ever since 1928, when they saw the play in Paris, it has been their hope that their first appearance together on the stage might be in this romantic play with music. Their opportunity came when Frank, demobilised recently after six years' service in the Army, was asked to take over the part originally played by Esmond Knight, who had, unfortunately, to leave the cast for another operation on his eyes. Their success together was instantaneous, and it is hoped that when the tour of *Three Waltzes* is completed they will continue their romantic team-work and appear together in a new play with music



Photographs by
Angus McBean

Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton: Mr. and Mrs. in Real Life

Family Album

In and Out of Doors



Compton Collier

Viscountess Colville of Culross, seen with her three sons, is the widow of the late Viscount Colville, who died this year. Her eldest son (right), the former Master of Colville, is the fourth Viscount, and was twelve in July; his younger brother, Charles, is ten years old, and Angus was born in 1939. Lady Colville is the eldest daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Gale, C.M.G., of Vancouver Island



Compton Collier

Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark were photographed at Dundas Castle, South Queensferry, Linlithgow, with their son, John, and their daughter, Sara Noreena Marie. Sir Stewart is the second baronet and succeeded to the title in 1924. Three years later he married Jane, daughter of the late Major Arundell Clarke. A keen games player and sportsman, Sir Stewart represented Scotland v. England and Ireland at squash from 1937-38



Eric Ager

The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazlerigg was photographed with her sons, Rupert and Simon. She is the wife of Major the Hon. Thomas Hazlerigg, the Leicestershire Yeomanry, second son of Lord and Lady Hazlerigg, of Noseley Hall, Leicestershire. Mrs. Hazlerigg served with the A.T.S. for the first two years of the war



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Leslie-Melville, seen with her son, Ian Hamish, is the wife of Major Michael Leslie-Melville, the Lovat Scouts, only son of the Hon. Ian Leslie-Melville, and a nephew of the Earl of Leven and Melville. Mrs. Leslie-Melville was formerly Miss Cynthia Hambro, a daughter of Sir Charles Hambro, K.B.E.



The Hon. Mrs. Stallybroke, daughter, Helen Hope, is the daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford of Chudleigh, and married Sir Bede Clifford, R.N.V.R., last year. Sir Bede Clifford succeeded to the title in 1944. The Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, is



Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Mitchell is the second daughter of the late Lord Kinross and married Mr. Alexander Mitchell in 1934. They have three daughters and a son, Alexander, who was born last year. With her in the photograph are her daughters Margaret Anne, Caroline and Esther, while the baby, Alexander, is on his mother's knee. Mr. Mitchell is the younger son of Col. Alexander Mitchell of Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth, Fife



Swache

The Marchioness of Lothian, whose son was born in July, is seen with her daughter, Lady Mary Kerr, who was born last year, and her baby son, the Earl of Ancrum. The daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Foster Reuss Newland, she married the Marquess of Lothian, who is in the Scots Guards, in 1943. Lord Lothian succeeded to the title in 1940; he is twenty-three



Lady Mary Kerr



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Michael Asquith is the wife of Mr. Michael Asquith, elder son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith. With her are her two children, Annabel, who was born in 1939, and her small son Kip. Her husband is a grandson of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and the late Earl of Wemyss and Charteris



David Gurney

Mrs. Richard Westmacott, seen with her son, Michael, is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames. She is the wife of Major R. V. C. Westmacott, Scots Guards, elder son of Col. and the Hon. Mrs. G. R. Westmacott and a nephew of Lord St. Oswald

her baby
of Lord
Stally-
eleventh
ele, Capt.
Trinidad



Mr. Rogerson with Brina, One of His Elkhounds

An Author and His Family at Their Country Home

● Mr. Sidney Rogerson is a very versatile writer, for he has written books on the last war, on propaganda and on all country subjects. The work he has just finished is on birds, illustrated by Charles Tunnicliffe, A.R.A., and Collins are to publish it in the New Year. Mr. Rogerson's home is at Barringham, in Suffolk, where he and his wife breed elkhounds, and some very delightful puppies are seen on this page. He has three children: Jeremy, who is thirteen; Jane, five years younger; and Peter, aged five



Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson in Front of the House



Mrs. Rogerson, Jane and Peter, and Three Very Cuddlesome Pups



Their Elder Son Jeremy Goes for a Stroll with His Parents



A Day's Fishing

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Hippodromania

THE full spate of the events of the immediate past has been faithfully chronicled by the competent recorders whose duty it is to keep the racing score-board up-to-date. In this place it is quite impossible to vie with such speed as is at the disposal of our friendly rivals. Out of this rush of happenings it is therefore proposed only to make an effort to glean a few straws, which suggest themselves as worthy of a place in the rick which it is always advisable for the prudent to build. Some of them, I suggest, may give us a very useful hint as to in which direction the wind is setting; others we can well afford to put into the chaff-cutter. So here are my own purely personal ideas for whatever they may be worth. Abbots Fell, who won the 1-mile 7 furlongs 35 yards Caledonian Hunt Cup at Lanark, gets no penalty for it in the Cesarewitch (October 17th, the day upon which this paper comes out); and this is lucky for him, because 9 st. 4 lbs. is absolutely all that he wants. In a race over a distance of ground we can never afford to pass by a genuine stayer, but his last price meant that he would not start. I cannot attempt to pick the winner, because I do not believe in either Paper Weight or Manuchehr. If Cadet had survived, I should have picked him. Rising Light won the Newmarket St. Leger too comfortably to put Paper Weight, who was a very moderate third, on the map. Manuchehr was also well and truly beaten. One more note: I am sure that, in spite of that lapse in the Leger, Blue Smoke is a good one. She may have bumped up against something a lot better than we realise in His Majesty's nice colt, Kingstone, in the Yorkshire Cup (2 miles). She made him go for his life to win. Naishapur, I fear, has been overrated. I doubt her stamina but not her honesty, though some people do. P.S. Do not let Avoca run loose!

And Others

CHAMOSSAIRE'S defeat in the Jockey Club Stakes did not take any of the gilt off his Leger triumph. Black Peter, his conqueror, was a respectable fourth in the Leger, and 9 lbs. is a lot of weight to give away over a long journey. I still cannot admire Chamossaire, but of his gameness and stamina there can be no possible doubt. Rising Light's attractive Newmarket St. Leger win adds some cubits to Chamossaire's stature, and in this connection

I think we all feel like offering our humble congratulations to His Majesty upon such a grand success this season, achieved without the advantage of anything really top class. A word of high praise is obviously due to Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who has sent all these winners out fit and ready to run for a ransom, and there is also due a well-earned pat on the back for the little man on top. D. Smith has done nothing wrong. That is the very highest tribute it is possible to bestow upon any jockey. As to other things, Rivaz will not, on present showing, win next year's Oaks; but Neolight might win both that race and the One Thousand. I do not believe, however, that any of these fillies are ever going to beat Lord Derby's Gulf Stream; in fact, I think he carries too many guns for the whole fleet of them. He was marked down in these cursory jottings as most attractive long before he won the Gimcrack. I hope that he is not pulled out for the Middle Park. There would seem to be no necessity for it and it might even do harm.

British Bloodstock

THE following far too kind letter arrives to me from Mr. Adair Dighton, who is "The Special Commissioner" of *The Sporting Life*. Coming from such an acknowledged authority, I am all the more honoured, and it is published because it is felt that it will do much good to the valuable industry, of which Great Britain holds the virtual monopoly:

As a regular reader of "Pictures in the Fire" for years, may I humbly congratulate you on your article in this week's *Tatler and Bystander*. It is just great, and came like a ray of sunshine in—as Lady Wentworth once wrote me—a life of sordid toil. For six long years now I, in my little way, have done my best to keep the game going. At times it was heart-breaking, but we've worried through and have come out better than any other industry in the world. Presumably because of that, everybody—including a great many who should know better—is trying to crab the September Sales, Pound only worth ten shillings, so Dante's brother was not a record: Gaekwar of Baroda the only buyer, etc., etc., etc., and more John Smith stuff. Got me so wild that I got out attached figures, which, if you acknowledge, you are welcome to use as you like.

The two best yearlings I have seen this year are
(Concluded on page 84)



Annual Argentine Cattle Show

Lord Lovat and Lord and Lady Courthope were visitors at the Annual Cattle Show at Buenos Aires at the invitation of the Argentine Rural Society. Lord Lovat is seen admiring a Champion Short-horn bull exhibited by Mr. Bernard L. Duggan, and Lord Courthope is standing behind Mr. Duggan.



Two Promising Players D. R. Stuart

Coventry have two promising young recruits in their fifteen this season. They are Norman J. Stock, who is scrum half, and Harold Greasley, wing three-quarter. One of Coventry's most recent matches was against Sale, which they won by 29 points to 3.



Two Service players who represented Sale were Schoolmaster J. B. Doherty, the England forward who played in all the Internationals last season, and Capt. L. Thomasson, R.E.



T. J. Birtles, who captains Sale this year, is the youngest of three Rugby brothers who played for the club. The match against Coventry was Sale's first this season.



Kenneth Fyffe, who played for Scotland before the war, now leads the Sale Fifteen, of which H. S. Sever (right), the old England International, is secretary.

Several Internationals Who Played for Sale Against Coventry

D. R. Stuart

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

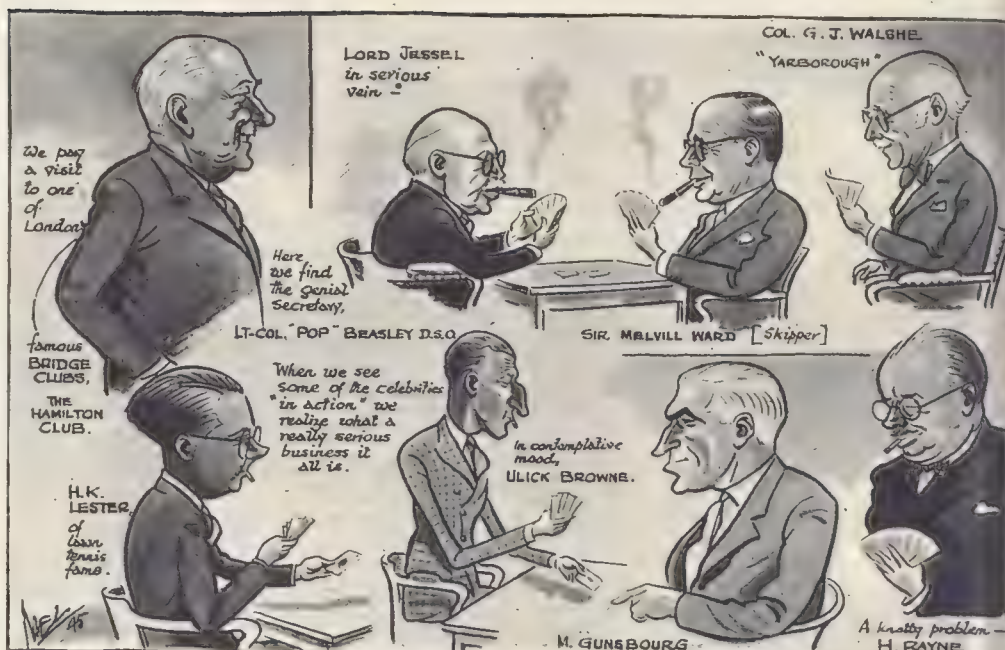
the Blue Peter—Sun Chariot colt and the Hyperion—Clarence filly, which have been leased by H.M. the King from the National Stud. Saw them both with Lionel Edwards when we were getting stuff together for *Royal Newmarket* [Mr. Adair Dighton's forthcoming book]. They were lovely then, but now they are just about the best colt and the best filly that I have ever seen—so much so, that I have taken £100 to £1 each for the Derby and Oaks of 1947, and £10,000 to £1 the double! Of course, none of the three will come off, but I shall get some fun for my money. Again congratulations and many thanks.

Some Figures

HERE are some of the figures and statistics referred to by Mr. Adair Dighton:

Revised figures show that 318 yearlings were sold for the record aggregate of 539,280 gns., giving an average of 1694 gns. at Messrs. Tattersall's recent September Sales.

Stallions whose yearlings made the highest average of all the auctions last year were: Hyperion, 5328 gns.; Fairway, 5020 gns.; Blue Peter, 4700 gns.; Nearco, 3840 gns.; Mieuxce, 2772 gns.; Bois Roussel, 2329 gns.; and Stardust, 2006 gns. This year at the September Sales—a complete list will be published



Members of the Hamilton Club: by "Mel"



Poole, Dublin

Spectators Who Were Enjoying the Phoenix Park Races

Capt. Rory More - O'Ferrall, late Irish Guards, escorted Mrs. Harrison. Capt. More-O'Ferrall is a brother of the successful Irish trainer, Mr. Roderic More - O'Ferrall

Watching a race were Major Sir Raymond Grace, Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Miss Henchie. Sir Raymond succeeded to the title last March on the death of his father, the late Sir Valentine Grace



Poole, Dublin

More Well-Known Personalities at Phoenix Park

Capt. Philip Dunne, who is in the Blues, and Mrs. Philip Dunne were talking to Major Randolph Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's only son, who had just come from an interview with Mr. de Valera

H.E. Sir John Maffey was pointing out a likely winner to his son, Mr. Simon Maffey, who served throughout the war with the Coldstream Guards. Sir John is the British Representative in Eire

after Goff's and the First October—the leaders remained much the same, but in different order. Nearco's six totalled 58,400 gns., or an average of 9733 gns., which, thanks mainly to Dante's brother, who was the only one of his yet to make five figures, put him in the leading position.

He is followed by the newcomer Big Game, whose two youngsters made 18,000 gns., or an average of 9000 gns. Hyperion, Fairway and Blue Peter show the increased averages of 7320 gns., 5550 gns. and 5014 gns. Mieuxce drops from 2772 gns. to 865 gns. Bois Roussel and Stardust go up to 2515 gns. and 3862 gns., and others of interest are Bobsleigh, whose yearlings averaged 1700 gns. as against 604 gns. in 1944; Casanova, 1751 gns. as against 994 gns.; Dastur, 3900 gns. against 1616 gns.; Fair Trial, 3646 gns. against 1587 gns.; Panorama, 2503 gns. against 1724 gns.; Solario, 2176 gns. against 1395 gns.; Signal Light, whose fee at the time of conception was £24 19s. inclusive, 1608 gns. against 301 gns. The newcomers, Owen Tudor and Orthodox, whose youngsters were among the features, averaged respectively 3109 gns. and 1706 gns.

His Excellency's Hat-Trick

THE particular Excellency concerned is the Governor of India's oldest (British) Province, Madras, the Hon. Arthur Hope, who is Lord Rankeillour's son and heir, and used to be in the Coldstream. The occasion was the Ootacamund Hunt Point-to-Point held at a place called "Jackal" in those delectable hills, the Neilgherries. H.E.'s Irranyah, 12 st. 7 lb., won the Combined Race (Victory Cup and Peter Pan Cup, 3½ miles), ridden by Capt. Murphy; his Anticipation, 13 st., won the Royals Cup, 3½ miles, ridden by Captain Hodgson; H.E.'s Roy Bell, 14 st., ridden by Captain Rahder, a Dutch officer, ran second, and H.E.'s Royal Combine, 14 st., ridden by Mr. J. F. Small, a sporting planter, ran third; and H.E.'s Dunkirk, 12 st. 7 lb., ridden by Colonel Astley-Cooper, won the Willie Burke Memorial Cup, 2 miles, the runner-up being H.E.'s Ambitious, 12 st. 7 lb., ridden by Captain K. C. Green. If it were considered seemly for Excellencies to do this sort of thing, I cannot help feeling that the owner, who used to go as well to hounds as he used to play cricket, would have dearly liked to have been on each of his three winners.

The Ooty country is a rolling plateau, very like the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds domain; no obstacles, mostly grass and carrying a grand scent. The hunt was established in 1835, and the original quarry was the Sambhur, a very considerable stag, who scales about 600 lbs., record antlers 48 ins. inside curve, outside 50 ins., and I should say with considerably more foot than anything I have come across in Devon and Somerset—but any fox would lose either of them. The Ooty hounds turned over to the jackal many years ago.



Left: Mrs. Alec Hambro (the former Barbara Beaton) was looking on with the Hon. Mrs. Dodd-Noble's only son; Mr. Adrian Dodd-Noble

Below: A group of young riders included John and Sheila Allen-Stevens, Pat Berners, Peter Lumsden and Jenny Macdonell

Miss Carol Williams is the daughter of General Williams, who held an important job during the war with Movement Control, and attended many of the conferences with Mr. Churchill.

Two of the judges were Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Edgar Barker, who is a daughter of Mrs. Washington Singer

Gymkhana in Berkshire

The Old Berks Pony Club

Photographs by David Gurney



Sir Hugh Gurney, accompanied by Lady Gurney, was giving his young son, Ronald, a word of advice between events. Sir Hugh was Ambassador to Brazil from 1935-39, and Lady Gurney is a sister of the Countess of Mansfield



Miss Jenny Macdonell, the daughter of the late Mr. A. G. Macdonell, author of "England Their England," and a niece of the Marchioness of Queensberry, was with Miss Pam Gull, of the Old Berks Pony Club Committee



Two young horsewomen who faced the camera with dignity and composure were Ruth Carter and June Taylor



David and Tony Cameron were two very young competitors. The Gymkhana was held at Wicklesham Lodge, Faringdon, the home of Mrs. Allen-Stevens

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Indian Novel

R. K. NARAYAN has been described as an Indian Tchegov. I can see why. There is something deliciously inconsequent, subtle, wayward, tender and—above all—truthful about his writing. *The English Teacher* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.) is his third book—*Swami* and *Friends* and *The Bachelor of Arts* were its predecessors.

We open, you will find, right in the Tchegovian vein:—

I was, on the whole, very pleased with my day—not many conflicts and worries; above all, not too much self-criticism. I had done almost all the things I wanted to do, and as a result I felt heroic and satisfied. The urge had been upon me for some days past to take myself in hand. What was wrong with me? I couldn't say; some sort of vague disaffection, a self-rebellion, I might call it. The feeling again and again came upon me that as I was nearing thirty I should cease to live like a cow (perhaps, a cow, with justice, might feel hurt at the comparison), eating, working in a manner of speaking, walking, talking, etc.—all done to perfection, I was sure, but always leaving behind a feeling of something missing.

I took stock of my daily life. . . .

Who is this "I" who speaks? A young Indian teacher of English (as the title suggests), at the Albert Mission College in the small town of Malgudi. When the story starts, he is living a bachelor existence in the College hostel: his enchanting wife, Susilla, and infant daughter, Leela, are in the country with his parents-in-law. His routine day, as described, would be like to leave one with the feeling of something missing: he reads, "for the fiftieth time," Milton, Carlyle and Shakespeare before breakfast, bolts a meal, bolts to the classrooms in time for the second bell, and for hours admonishes, cajoles and browbeats a few hundred boys "so that they might mug up Shakespeare and Milton and secure high marks and save me adverse comments from my chiefs at the end of the year." For this, he is paid a hundred rupees a month, and dubbed (as he plaintively puts it) a lecturer. Everything is fair and above board: materially, he has no reason to quarrel with his lot. But, unhappily, our hero is also a poet—and anybody who knows anything about poets knows what that means. Something in him revolts against his occupation: he is nagged by the feeling that he is doing the wrong work. He remains unsettled throughout evening talks, over cigarettes in the hostel rooms, with his colleagues. He is unreasonably irritated by his good chief, Brown. He is also, no doubt, prey, as his parents wisely suggest, to the troubles of temporary celibacy.

Idyll

WHY his heart should sink slightly when he receives a letter saying it has been decided in the family conclave that his wife and the baby ought to join him, and that he is forthwith to quit the hostel and find and make a home for them in Malgudi, is one of the queries raised by our hero's complex nature. It is, if you understand, just one more thing to cope with. He goes house-hunting—an infinite comedy, beautifully dealt with by Mr. Narayan—his mother arrives from the village to put everything in order for the young household; and finally, after an era of heart-burnings, anxieties and apprehensions that something may go wrong, he extracts Susilla and the baby from the train. It was all wonderfully simple, after all. He and she are very much in love; he is endlessly fussy, she is lyrically calm; the baby daughter is totally satisfactory; his mother could not be more tactful; and the dear little modern villa, with its garden, is a success.

Now sets in an idyll as delicious as anything I have met in modern literature for a long time. The atmosphere and texture of happiness, and, above all, its elusiveness, have seldom been so perfectly transcribed. For this is a domestic happiness punctuated, as it so often is, with misunderstandings and nerve-storms—about the housekeeping, about his intellectual selfishness, about Susilla's tidying of his study and her raid on his beloved alarm clock. Each time, of course, the world seems to come to an end. In fact, the world *does* only come to an end with the tragedy that arises out of a second house-hunting expedition: again, the parents have issued an edict—it is unbecoming for cultured people to live in a rented house; our hero must find a house he can buy; his father is prepared to put up the money.

I still feel the poignancy of the Sunday, the day out by the restaurant and by the river and inspecting imposing empty villas, from which Susilla returns mortally ill. And over the succeeding chapters I wept. But Susilla's death, as it turns out, is only to begin a second phase of love. Communications from her begin to come through: once a week, in the evenings, in a little summer-house by a lily pool, our hero sits beside an old man who does automatic writing.

Personal Life

IT is a triumph of Mr. Narayan's art that, I though apprehensive that the young husband's credulity may be making him the prey of a charlatan, one never questions or belittles that sublime credulity in itself. The "I" who writes and speaks—though such an anxious,



F. J. Goodman.

Nicolas Bentley, the popular cartoonist, has also illustrated books by Damon Runyon, Linklater, Belloc, and many other well-known writers. Seen with his small daughter, Arabella, he is reading to her from "Lobby Lobster" which is also illustrated by him, and written by his wife. Mrs. Bentley is the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings

agitated and faulty creature—creates a hyper-personal world, with its own rules. What he thinks is, is. The subsequent adventures, culminating in resignation from the College, all have the absolute of their own tragic-comedy. Also, Mr. Narayan has conveyed to his hero a genius for the evocation of scenes. Inevitably, one could have done with a good deal more of the interior of the Albert Mission College—but one must leave that, for there is much more to say. Malgudi, with its riverside, shops and markets, streets, restaurants and new residential estates overlooking the rolling cornfields, presents us with an exquisite picture of the modern Indian small-town scene—into which Europeans, with the exception of Brown, do not enter. The College colleagues, the capricious landlord of the new villa, the parents and parents-in-law, and the mediumistic proprietor of the lily pool, are admirable, memorable and four-square. *The English Teacher* is full of unexpected things—the turning of each page brings a surprise. Most of all, I am impressed by the way Mr. Narayan has (as it were) translated his hero's intensely personal, and I should imagine, intensely Indian, conception of life into terms comprehensible by us. We need, I feel, many more of such books as this.

History of the Future

ROBERT ARDREY—author of that play now world-famous, *Thunder Rock*—has written a novel. *Worlds Beginning* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.) is an account, given in the first person, (Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

"POOR old Jim Beesly's dead." . . . "Oh, what did he die of?" . . . "He died of a Friday." . . . "I don't mean that. What were the complaint?" . . . "There weren't NO complaint. We was all delighted!"

That story, told me in the train, seemed to have a moral attached to it somewhere, I thought. I felt it could apply to some people and lots of things. Drunken Peace celebrations for one thing, black-marketeers for another; and we all have our own "secret list."

My own seemed to run into columns as I stood for nine hours in a railway corridor. High up on the first column I put the "dog-lover" who sat and moaned to anybody who would listen about her "darling Pixie"! Pixie had swallowed a pebble, been unable to part from it voluntarily, and had passed peacefully away under the operation. Her mistress wore a black band round her arm and kept clasping a dog-brooch "which Pixie had given her" on her last birthday. She quoted every line

of poetry allusive to dogs she could remember. And her husband, not to be outdone in woe, shook his head mournfully at the conclusion of every verse.

"Well, I've lost two homes and two sons in this war!" exclaimed a fat woman in the corner. But Pixie's mistress was not to be denied her shattered life. "Then you can understand how we feel!" she said.

So, for a brief moment she headed my list; together with all those people—mostly women—who keep large dogs in small flats and drag them unwillingly through crowded streets in the belief that they are giving them exercise. In fact, I came to the conclusion that people, themselves, should be licensed to keep dogs and that the licence should be withdrawn if they prove their unfitness—either from the point of view of their neighbours or of

the dog itself. And the same applies to cats. While any bird in any small cage rightly puts Heaven in an everlasting rage.

I am always thankful that only the dog has been relentlessly domesticated. Cats, anyway, keep a life of their own apart. I love most animals, but I like them best in their own world, not as kind of uprooted refugees in mine. And if, sometimes as may happen, they allow me to stray on the border of their domain, I feel strangely flattered. But I know I am only there on sufferance. I would not have it otherwise. Sometimes I even feel a culprit. The robin, for example, may or may not peck his mother to death, but at least he confines his peck to his own mother. But he and millions of his like don't set out to slay millions of his own kind—often merely to prove an idea. Sometimes I wonder if he envies us? We, who with our intelligence can subdue nature and lord it over the whole world? If he does—well, he needn't bother. Rather he should pity us. Or peck us in the pants.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Nevile — Grigg

Lieut. Sanford Drury Nevile, Coldstream Guards, son of Major C. G. Nevile, R.A., and Mrs. Nevile, married Miss Monica Grigg, youngest daughter of the late Major R. M. Grigg, and the Hon. Mrs. Grigg, of Virginia House, Sunninghill, Ascot



Miller — Miller

Surg. Lieut. Ian Hamilton Miller, R.N.V.R., second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Miller, of 15, Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3, married Miss Hazel Miller, daughter of Cdr. A. A. L. Miller, R.N., and Mrs. Miller, of Windfalls, Hayling Island, Hants

Carey — Alexander

Staff Sergt. Oliver Carey, of the Intelligence Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Carey, of Egham, Surrey, married Miss Charlotte Alexander, daughter of the late Sir Henry Alexander, and Lady Alexander, of Aberdeen, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Waddell, Leiston



Phillips — Forster

Lieut. Peter Cameron Phillips, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Phillips, of Louisville, Eltham Road, London, S.E.12, married Miss Barbara Gladys Forster, V.A.D., daughter of Mr. John Forster, of 5, Lakenheath, London, N.14, at Holy Trinity, Kingsway, London

McKaig — Marriott

Lieut. John Rae McKaig, R.N., son of Col. Sir John McKaig, K.C.B., D.S.O., D.L., and Lady McKaig, of Heswall, Cheshire, married Miss Barbara Dawn (Susan) Marriott, daughter of Dr. Frank Marriott, M.C., and Mrs. Marriott, of Yoxford, Suffolk

Rowley Williams — Aikenhead

Mr. B. E. (Dick) Rowley Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowley Williams, of Glyn Arthur, Denbigh, married Miss Margaret (Jane) Aikenhead, daughter of Brig. D. F. Aikenhead, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Aikenhead, of Great Elm, Frome, Somerset



Fortrey Heap — Chesshire

Lieut.-Cdr. Roger Anthony Fortrey Heap, D.S.C., R.N., younger son of the late Dr. Fortrey Heap, and of Mrs. Fortrey Heap, of the Croft, Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, married Miss Lilian Mary Irene Chesshire, daughter of the late Canon R. S. P. Chesshire, and of Mrs. Chesshire



Ince — Riddoch

Major Richard Henry Ince, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (attached the Parachute Regiment), elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Ince, of West Clondon, married Miss Angela Riddoch, A.T.S., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Riddoch, of Guildford



Marshall — Bloomer

Capt. Paul Fitzroy Marshall, R.A.S.C., elder son of the Rev. Paul and Mrs. Marshall, of Loxton Rectory, Axbridge, Somerset, married Miss Kathleen Mary Bloomer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil W. Bloomer, of the Old Rectory, Woodmansterne, Surrey

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 72)

a wire from the Princess just before the opening, wishing the exhibition every success. There were some lovely child studies in the show, including Viscount and Viscountess Anson's two children, Patrick and Elizabeth. Another charming child study was Raine McCorquodale painted in a frilly white dress at the age of ten (she is now sixteen). This was one of the first child studies Mrs. Lambrick painted, and quite one of the loveliest. Her portraits of men included Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland, son of the famous aircraft designer; Mr. Donald McCulloch, of "Brains Trust" fame; and Mr. Dorsay Fisher, of the American Embassy. There are many lovely portraits of women too: these include a very striking portrait of Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, better known as Barbara Cartland, the novelist, who opened the exhibition with a short speech. Her small son, Glen, presented Mrs. Lambrick with a basket of flowers on behalf of all the children she has painted.

At the Opening

AMONG those at the opening were the Duchess of Leinster, looking very attractive in black: she is just starting work with the B.B.C., doing broadcasts to America. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, looking very smart in her U.S. Red Cross uniform, came to see the portrait of her younger son, Albermarle: she was talking to Mrs. McCorquodale, a neighbour in Bedfordshire, who has been busy moving back into her London house in Charles Hill, while still carrying on her welfare work for the A.T.S. in Bedfordshire. Mr. Dorsay Fisher came to see his portrait, and Sally Anne Howes, whose portrait is also exhibited, was accompanied by her father, Bobby Howes, looking younger than ever and more like her brother than her father. Amongst others there were Mr. Bowes Rogers (who has been in charge of all the American Red Cross clubs in this country), Capt. Davies, Grenadier Guards; Mr. George Ansley, Miss Vacani, Mrs. Toye (widow of the well-known conductor, Geoffrey Toye), Miss Ruth Jordan and Mrs. Eugene Bolton.

Tweeds at Ascot

AT the last meeting of the year at Ascot, the lovely trees and foliage around the course were beautiful with their autumn tints. The women racegoers seemed to have dressed to fit into the picture, and their coats and suits were mostly in shades of red, green or brown. The sun came through to make it a glorious day, which started well when the King's horse Hypericum, which started favourite, won the first race, and His Majesty's Fair Glint completed a very popular Royal double in winning the fourth. There was a big crowd again, and many owners who have helped to keep racing going through the difficult war years were there. These included the Hon. Dorothy Paget; the Duchess of Norfolk (who was very sad at losing her favourite dog the previous day), Earl Fitzwilliam, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Lady Zia Wernher (who won the last race with her nice filly Daily Double) and Prince Aly Khan, who saw his father's two horses, Nussret and Mehmany, run. Princess Aly Khan was there too, greeting many friends after her long absence in the Middle East; she has been staying over in Ireland since she came home in July.

Among the Spectators

THE Earl and Countess of Hopetoun were chatting to Major Gerard Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Parker-Bowles and Miss Priscilla Bullock; Lord Stanley, in khaki, was escorting his mother to see the horses, but there were no runners from the famous Stanley House stable; and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley were strolling in the paddock together.



West Country Wedding

Lt. F. W. Manning Arkle, R.N.V.R., and S/O. Margaret Burris were married at Westbury Park, Bristol. Photographed after the ceremony are: Mrs. Frank Arkle, the bridegroom's mother, Mr. Frank Arkle, the bridegroom's father, Miss Arkle, F/Lt. Goodchap, R.A.F.V.R., Lt. and Mrs. F. W. Manning Arkle, Lt. Alan Wallace, R.N.V.R., Mr. Ernest H. Burris, the bride's father; Miss Aileen Burris and Mrs. Ernest H. Burris, the bride's mother.

Company of Four

THE Company of Four (Tyrone Guthrie, Hugh Beaumont, Rudolf Bing and Norman Marshall) opened their venture at the newly-decorated Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, last week with an invitation performance of their first production, *The Shouting Dies*, by Ronda Keane—Doris Keane's daughter.

Lady Playfair, widow of the late Sir Nigel Playfair, under whose direction the theatre had such a distinguished and successful career, was in a box, and so were Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, who was wearing a gay, blue-feathered hat. John Gielgud, by now en route to India to entertain the forces, brought his mother. Others in the stalls were Zena Dare, Ivy St. Helier and Dorothy Dickson, Ben Levy, Constance Cummings, Terence Rattigan, Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, and Marie Ney, star of *The Trojan Women*, which follows *The Shouting Dies* on November 8th.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

of the twenty years immediately to come. From the vantage-point of (approximately) 1965, we are given a graphic, and from time to time hair-raising, description of the troubles, race-riots, strikes, paralysis of essential services, national bankruptcy and "terror" period through which the post the Second World War U.S.A. finally—through the enterprise of two brothers—finds her solution, and her soul.

That this author writes brilliantly, and that he has an almost uncanny penetration into the soul of man, does not need saying. From any other pen, certain passages in *Worlds Beginning* might have seemed arid and theoretic, and might have dragged. It is difficult to analyse, convincingly, what has not yet happened—and difficult, also, to arrest the imagination of the 1945 reader, stupefied and inelastic after years of real world catastrophe on a colossal scale. Mr. Ardrey has done (at least where I am concerned) both, in a manner that makes *Worlds Beginning* a tour de force; and, apart from its serious import, no mean thriller.

This book, he says, "is a story about the future, but is in no sense a prophecy. It concerns that dream we all of us so cherish, a better world. But it is in no sense a blueprint for that better world."

The style makes for convincingness, verisimilitude. *Worlds Beginning* affects to be the memoirs, and contains excerpts from the kept-at-the-time diary of a journalist. The most sensational passages cover the years of "the terror." Where I was concerned, the most unnerving part described decay and breakdown—increasingly unsafe transport planes; plumbing, refrigerators and telephones,

all over America, out of order; no milk deliveries, no service, no courtesy, no ice. In fact, rot in the works. To the account of all this and, morally, worse, is added the apparent authority of history. There is no love-interest, and little personal colour, in this novel, which travels forcefully under its own steam: What the world-saving solution is, you must read *Worlds Beginning* to discover.

Successful Man

"THURSDAY AFTERNOONS" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is Monica Dickens's new novel. Everything that this great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens writes is a sure fire; and of this last, I must say at the start that I liked it still better than its predecessor, *The Fancy*, which though engrossing, seemed to me just too long. There is not a page too many in *Thursday Afternoons*—which is the story of a brilliantly successful young doctor, now a Harley Street consultant, who still keeps touch with his former hospital in a residential town near London by going down there for clinics on Thursday afternoons. St. Margaret's Hospital, Dynsford, is the start and frame, though not the whole, of the story: we first see handsome, busy, masterful and somewhat off-hand Dr. Steven Sheppard through the eyes of the infatuated Nurse Lake—but, most of the time, we see him through his own. We study the haunting dissatisfactions, and high-tension existence, of the successful man—being with Dr. Sheppard, also, with private patients, with friends on a week-end party, in his study attempting to write a novel, and at home in London with his maddening wife, maddening

parlour-maid (who had been one of his patients) and self-effacing, though no less adoring, secretary.

Miss Dickens has a wide range: from straightforward comedy to plain irony. She excels (as was shown by *The Fancy*) in irritating, restless, frustrated women; and Ruth Sheppard—who, tragically, is so well-meaning—is certainly the masterpiece of *Thursday Afternoons*.

Escape

RUTH eats too many sweets, buys expensively wrong clothes, blights all parties she goes to, is inept with her servants; and, worst of all, attempts to make conversation to a tired man at the end of a busy day. She is masochistic, and embarrassingly intense. She finds, one might say, her soul-mate in the self-dramatising parlour-maid Mrs. Garrard, with her endless stories of married woe. Women—their ailments and affections—permeate the unfortunate Steven Sheppard's life. He says to himself that he lives like a tame cat. And there is buried tragedy; his dead only child—of whom Ruth, unconscious that the lost Carol is the last tie between her and her husband, refuses ever to speak.

The time of *Thursday Afternoons* is the summer of 1939: one cannot wonder that Steven Sheppard looks forward to the coming war as a chance—the only chance, where he is concerned—of escape: he is going to join the Navy. Ruth's V.A.D. training is the last patch of comedy in a novel that has a tragic, sudden, violent, ironic end. The war ends most immediately pre-war stories: here, Nemesis for a thoughtlessly kind action is, on one Thursday afternoon, waiting for Dr. Sheppard. Nurse Lake, her new "bows" unnoticed, is to be pitied most.

Out of the blue . . .

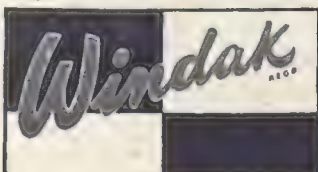


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A thing has to be good when the Services use it; and British, Canadian and American Forces have been using Windak Gabardine for a great many Service articles. Now here it is for civilian wear in the new Windak "Golfer," a simplified, idealised version of the official Government Airborne Smock. Cut longer than your usual golf blouse for extra protection and with deep armholes for never-before freedom. Styled with clean front and roomy back. Comfortable when it's fine, comforting when it isn't, for the Windak is rain repellent and weather resistant.

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by **Jean Lorimer**

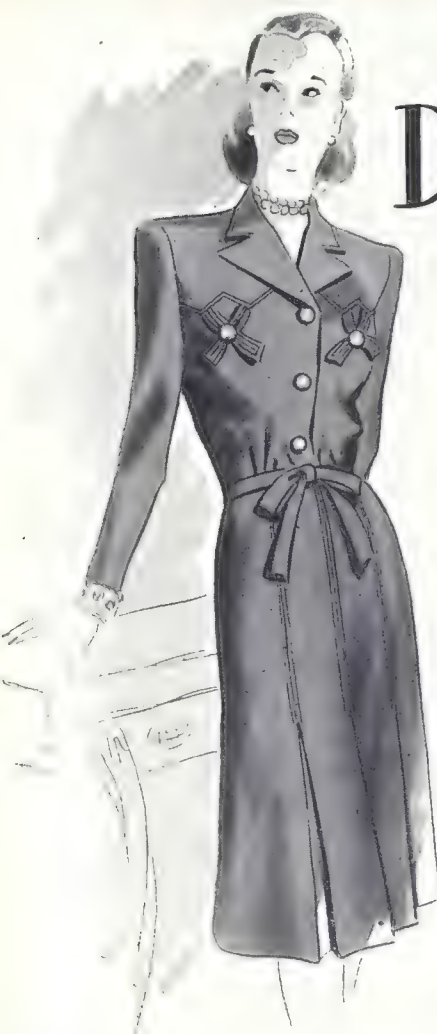
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Photographs by Dormer Cole



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Stories from Everywhere

A SMALL boy had just had a new bicycle and was proudly showing it off. His mother stood at the gate and watched him. He shot off up the road, and on the return journey he had his hands off the handlebars.

"Look, mum—no hands!" he shouted proudly.

"Oh, do be careful dear," said his mother. "You'll hurt yourself."

The lad grinned cheerfully, and cycled up the road again. The next time his mother saw him, his feet were tramping loose in the air.

"Look, mum—no feet!"

Again his mother protested feebly, but off he shot again. He didn't come back quite so quickly this time, and when he did, he called out, not quite so cheerfully: "Look mum—no teeth!"

TRAMPING down the railroad track one hot Kansas day many years ago, a traveller was hoping to catch a freight out of the next town. In the camp shade beneath a water tank, an old hobo sat. "Going east, son?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the traveller. "All the way."

"Don't do it."

"Why not?"

"Twon't do any good for me to tell you why not. Just take the advice of an older man; don't do it. You'd not believe me if I told you. Even when you see it you won't believe it."

"What won't I believe?"

"You will see people running to work!"

A COFFIN manufacturer, in Washington on business with the War Production Board division chief in charge of coffins, asked a receptionist for name and room number of the man he should see. Thumbing through book after book, the receptionist found nothing to indicate who handled coffins. Suddenly she brightened and exclaimed:

"Why, of course, that would be in the Container Division!"



Angus McBry

The Company of Four's First Production at the Lyric, Hammersmith

"The Shouting Dies" is the first play to be put on by the Company of Four which consists of the Arts Council, the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust, Glynedebourne Productions and Tennant Plays Ltd. The play is about an American girl who finds the man she loves is an ardent Nazi, and there are some very fine performances by a strong cast. Left: Walter Martin, John Slater and Joan Young. Right: Gerard Hinze and Margaret Johnston.

"MY first tour began at Slocum," related the pantomime comedian, "and I remember singing songs of my own composing."

"And was the audience complimentary," queried his friend.

"I cannot tell you that," was the answer, "but I remember his ticket was."

"I do wish I knew where Jim was," remarked the young wife.

"You mean, I suppose," said her mother-in-law, "that you wish you knew where he is?"

"Oh, no, I don't," was the firm retort, "I know where he is. He's in bed with a black eye and a headache. I want to know where he was!"

A CUB reporter, on one of the local papers was assigned to cover the deadly class plays of a local high school. He came in for his literary fame when the following appeared in his write-up.

"The auditorium was filled with expectant mothers, eagerly awaiting the appearance of their offspring."

A GIRL had passed the various examinations for a position, and done very well, and was now facing the selection committee for the intelligence test. She had been warned that this test was always full of "catches."

"Now, Miss Smith," said one of the examiners, "if a man buys an article for eleven shillings and sixpence, and sells it for nine and tenpence, does he gain or lose by the transaction?"

The candidate pondered deeply for a few moments, and then replied: "Well, he gains on the pennies, but loses on the shillings."

A YOUNG wife in America was seeing her husband off on a Navy transport plane for duty in the Aleutians. Among the passengers was a little black cocker spaniel. Bemoaning her fate, the wife said to the officer in charge: "A fine thing—letting a dog have passage aboard the plane when wives must stay in the United States."

"After all, madam," replied the officer, "all the men can pat the dog."

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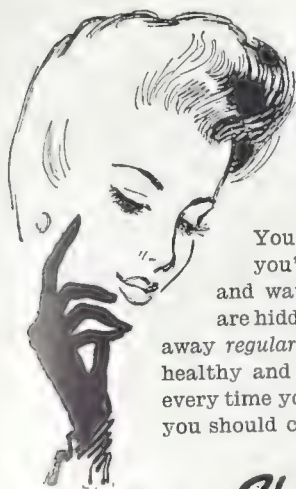


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Record

A WORLD'S speed record is to all other claims for speed as is a Bank of England note (before they began to monkey with them) to an embezzler's I.O.U. That is why the decision to make the great speed record attempt was right.

We are all a little tired of hearing speed figures bandied between one country and another. We are a little tired of having to accept speed figures issued, as it were from out of a cloud, by the Ministry of Aircraft Production. But a world's speed record is the amplest proof of speed superiority that can be achieved with present instruments and present knowledge. The *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* rules were framed when lower speeds than those of today were being done. Today the three kilometres course is somewhat short; but timing instruments have improved and an accurate result can be ensured. And remember that a world's speed record is one of the very few absolute records. It is not an international aeroplane or seaplane or motor-car record; it is the speed record. If you thought you could go faster than anybody else in a balloon, or on roller skates, you could try for the world's speed record. It is the greatest speed for any kind of man-carrying vehicle.

I shall, of course, return to this subject at a later date; but in the meantime I must now express my unbounded admiration for that great company, Rolls-Royce Limited, and for the Hawker Siddeley group, within which comes the Gloster Company, for doing something which every Briton who wants to see his country get back to prosperity, must wholeheartedly approve. Public approval will go to Sir Arthur Sidgreaves and to Sir Frank Spriggs and Mr. H. K. Jones. And I recall that the last world's speed record I saw Britain obtain was also done with a Rolls-Royce power unit, though this time with an ordinary piston engine. The figure was 407 m.p.h., and the pilot was that supreme artist the late George Stainforth.

Road Safety

THE success of the Nuffield scheme for increasing road safety really depends upon the amount of

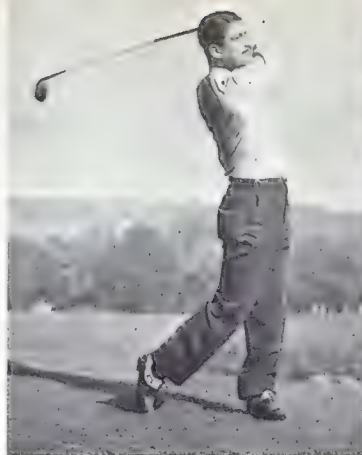
responsibility a person can carry. Hitherto, on the roads of Britain, the main safety responsibility has rested on the human being and the lesser responsibility upon the road configuration.

In an ordinary crossroads the avoidance of accidents rests with the road-users almost entirely. They must stop, look and listen or perform the manœuvres needed to prevent a collision. In a fly-over junction, on the other hand, some of the responsibility is borne by the road configuration.

Most students of road safety believe that the prime cause of road accidents is bad road configuration. And they think that the only means of reducing accidents by a large amount is to re-cast the roads to suit them to modern traffic and to allow them to shoulder some of the safety responsibility. It is possible, as some of the German roads demonstrated before the war, for a specialized kind of road to be built which will shoulder a very large part of the safety responsibility. It must be exclusively for motor traffic, and pedestrians must be kept clear of it. It must have its corners and crossings designed so that they lead the traffic safely.

Teachers and Children

I MEDIATELY that when Sir Miles Thomas launched his scheme for training children in safety methods, and issued books to all the schools in the country, he went on the assumption—which is correct—that it will be a long time before roads correctly designed for the traffic they must bear are built in Britain. A vast number of our roads must be, for years to come, ill-adapted for motor vehicles. On these roads the responsibility for avoiding accidents must remain with the person and not the road configuration. And here the right teaching for children should do much. In the first place they are more readily trained than grown-up people, and in the second place they suffer



The R.A.F. Golf Tournament at Moor Park

Group Captain "Jamie" Rankin, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, was driving from the first tee on the High Course in the first half of the tournament. He is a Scot and ranks as one of the great fighter aces of this war. Flying Officer B. L. Gilbert, D.F.C., who prefers to play in his service cap, was putting in some hard concentration on the green at the seventeenth hole.

heavily in road accidents. The Nuffield scheme, therefore, has logic behind it. When it was announced Lord Nuffield made a characteristic speech with which he created great excitement by propounding the theory that faster drivers were safer than slow ones.

Flying Cycles

FURTHER details are coming in of the new United States light aircraft. The Piper Skycycle and the All-American Ensign both have the blown canopy which owes its origin to the wartime fighter. It is of a transparent plastic, and enables the pilot or pilot and passenger to be seated in a large, inverted goldfish bowl. The result is excellent outlook and not a bad aircraft line. Piper's two-seater is a pusher-type machine known as the Skycoupe—pronounced, I am told, "Skicoup"—and it appears to offer a useful kind of vehicle. Over here the only move up to the time of writing towards a revived private flying is the announcement by the Air Ministry that gliding is to be used in the A.T.C. training in the future.

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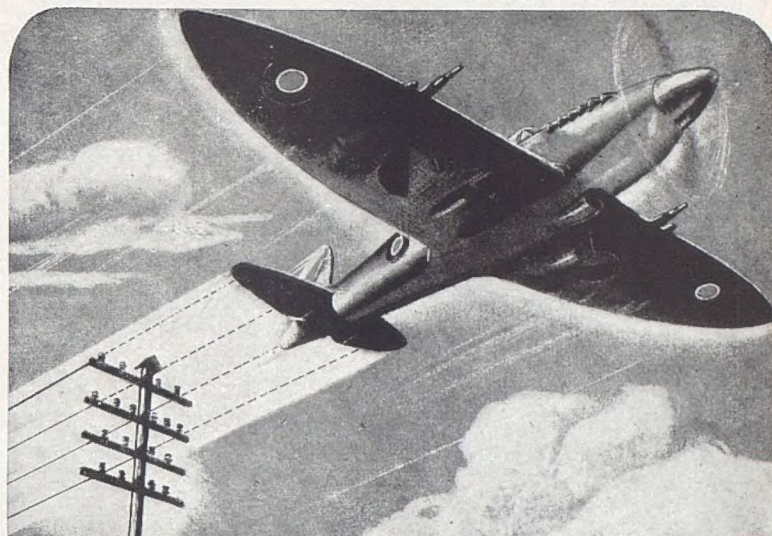
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NOV. 10

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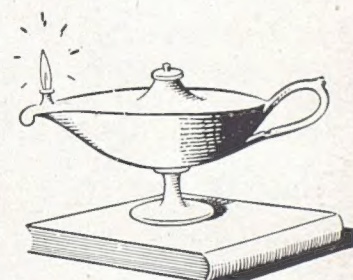
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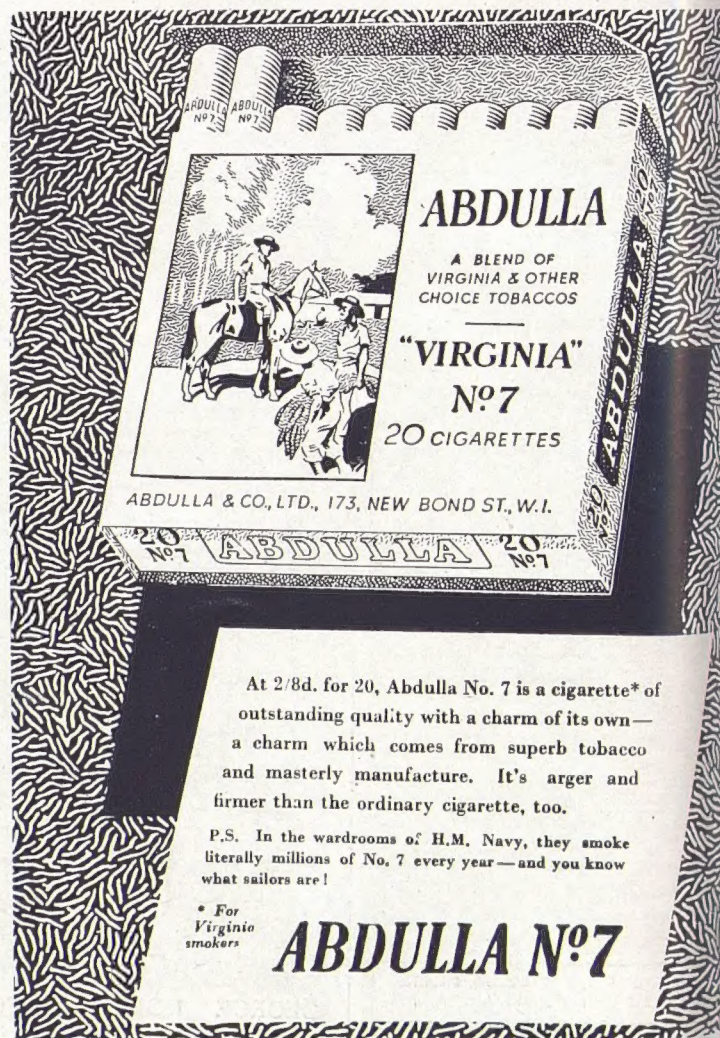
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